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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER AND M. A.—Thanks for your friendly note. Your advice is well-placed, and shall have attention.
 "W. E."—Should "Beautiful Poetry" please, we purpose to do the same with prose.
 "LECTOR'S" Scrape from his Pocket Book are clever; but they are not adapted to our columns. He should send another copy of them to some magazine.
 "REV. H. C." (Cork).—The subject of the essay is too hackneyed for our columns. But thanks for the offer of it.
 "A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER" (Chichester).—We are not acquainted with any work on the subject.
 "C. W. H."—Thanks for the Ode, but it is not adapted to our columns. It had been mislaid.
 "A SUBSCRIBER'S" letter has been sent to the writer of the Summary of Religious Publications. He refers him to 2 Kings, xviii. 4.
 "E. W.'s" poem is not suited to us.
 "L. M. T." (Cheltenham).—Thanks for the poems; but they are not exactly adapted for our columns.
 "Rev. G. W. B."—The letter is not adapted for our pages, although the suggestion is a good one.
 "P. R. L."—We don't know.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE CONDITION OF AUTHORS:

EXISTING INSTITUTIONS AND RECENT MOVEMENTS
FOR ITS AMELIORATION.

It may be readily admitted that a great deal of exaggeration and absurdity has been vented, especially in a certain recent autobiography, with respect to the calamities of authorship by profession; that much of the pain which is said to attach exclusively to that condition of life is mitigated by counterbalancing advantages or pleasures; while still more of it will be found, on close inquiry, to be no necessary concomitant of literary pursuits, but, in a greater or less degree, to accompany all the forms of industry cultivated in a state of society so highly complex and artificial as is our own. When, towards the close of his laborious literary life, ROBERT SOUTHEY, indulging in a train of retrospective meditation, endeavoured to sum up what literature had done for him, he chronicled the result of his reflections in the question "Would I have been a happier man had I been all my life arguing in Westminster Hall?" and it needs no great acquaintance with the character or temperament of men like SOUTHEY to enable any one to answer for him "Not." The temper which was ruffled by the sarcasms of BYRON, the susceptibility which so pitiful a person as WILLIAM SMITH of Norwich could rouse into passionate indignation, the whole sensitive nature which, even in so quiet a sphere as the library at Keswick, at last yielded its possessor a prey to insanity,—how could these have stood the judicial browbeatings and professional exasperations and wear and tear of metropolitan legal existence? Let any literary man, with the gifts and sentiments of the genuine student, and who is disposed to grumble at the chagrins of his lot, ask himself whether these would be fewer or less keen were he a surgeon or a merchant,—were he a competitor of Mr. Pecksniff's, or doomed to be pitted against the learned and eloquent Serjeant Buzfuz. Yet when all this, and much more to the same effect, is freely conceded, and when the multifarious which too frequently accompanies the advocacy of the claims of literature is silenced or abolished, it will not be difficult to prove to the most sceptical or the most surly utilitarian,—and without any demands on those finer sensibilities which he despises and disclaims,—that literature exposes its cultivators to several acute evils for which it does not supply the remedies or mitigations that almost every other profession, from its very nature and conditions, affords to the unfortunate or unsuccessful among its members. That the remuneration given as an equivalent for hard toil should be sometimes trifling in comparison with the talent and accomplishment and probity evinced, is an evil by no means confined to the literary profession, as many a poor curate and parochial surgeon could testify. But the stipend of the poorest curate, insufficient though it may be, has at least a permanency about it which is often unknown to the author; the surgeon, in the course of his ill-paid labours, is mastering the most precious details of his profession, and acquiring a skill which will tell in higher spheres of professional employment; while the author is not seldom incapacitating himself

for the more elevated branches of his calling: and even were this not so—suppose him to be refining, instructing, and entertaining,—the anonymous system prevents him from attracting those personal friendships and connections which do so much for the meritorious divine and the assiduous physician. That the failure of a speculation should put an end to employment, or that a glut in the labour-market should render it all but impossible to obtain employment, are mischances to which the artisan and the merchant, the tradesman and the attorney, are quite as subject as the literary man. But what an advantage they possess over him in the immense extent of the region which is offered to them for migration. If there is no work for them in one town or one country, they may, with a reasonable hope of finding it, seek it in another; while the magazine writer, the light essayist, the book-compiler and translator, is chained to London; for him the metropolis is the world. Add to this that advancing years do not bring with them to the author the results and facilities reaped from them by even the ordinary shopkeeper, whose business has a tendency to increase by the mere force of time, and who can commit to younger and more active heads and hands the management for which enfeebled powers disqualify him, or to which a natural desire of repose disinclines him. But the author must depend through life on his own powers alone: no other head, no other hand, can help him to form or execute his conceptions; so that if, as is the case in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, he has exercised his talents on fugitive compositions which can have no value beyond the passing hour, old age at once finds him and keeps him destitute.

To mitigate these and other evils, more or less peculiar to the profession of letters, two modes of bestowing pecuniary aid on literary men have been for some time practised in this country. One of them is the system of Government pensions, under which, out of an annual sum of 1200*l.* placed at the disposal of the Crown, authors and authoresses share with persons of some repute in science and art annual pensions ranging in amount from 50*l.* to 300*l.* The other is altogether a matter of voluntary effort. Out of voluntary subscriptions the so-called "Literary Fund" dispenses, not public pensions, but private donations to distressed authors, the recipients of which remain entirely unknown to the public, and the total of the donations amounts to some 1500*l.* annually. Two new schemes, professing to be for the amelioration of the condition of the author, have been recently launched, under the auspices of writers of greater or less distinction,—the Guild of Literature, which proposes to pension authors of some promise and of some performance; and the Athenæum Institute, which proposes, among other things, to augment the ordinary fund of a Life Insurance Association by receiving donations from the benevolent, which are to be applied exclusively to the benefit of the families of literary men who have insured their lives in the ordinary way. All these systems and schemes, actually in operation or merely nascent, have been during the last fortnight more or less before the public, and some remarks on each of them may be seasonable in a Journal like the present one, and at a time when the Condition of Authors question is rising daily in interest and prominence. The performance at the Haymarket theatre of BULWER'S *Not so Bad as we Seem* has been raising the question: "What has become of the Guild of Literature?" It was but on Saturday week that the promoters of the Athenæum Institute held a *conversazione*, at which it was resolved to call a further and a public meeting in behalf of its object, with Mr. DISRAELI in the chair; it was but last Wednesday that the Literary Fund had its annual meeting; and on a still more recent day the literary world was taken by surprise with the announcement that Mr. JERDAN, once of the *Literary Gazette*, had received from the Crown a pension of 100*l.* a year.

For our own part, we must frankly confess that, applauding the motives which influence the promoters both of the Guild of Literature and of the Athenæum Institute, we would much prefer to the publication and agitation of new schemes for the support or relief of literary men, an attempt to expand or strengthen the systems actually in operation, namely the granting of Government pensions for life, and the secret charity of the Literary Fund. Twelve hundred pounds a-year is no large sum for the greatest and wealthiest empire in the world to devote to pen-

sioning those eminent persons who already include among them an Airy, a Tennyson, and a Leigh Hunt; nor can we refrain from expressing an opinion that if Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and his friends were to devote a very little time and trouble to the effort, they might persuade the Minister to propose, and Parliament to sanction, an enlargement, both in scope and amount, of the grant in question, one which has never been objected to by even the most rigid or narrow of the economists. The available annual sum which has resulted from the past efforts of the Promoters of the Guild amounts to only 500*l.*; and it is difficult to see how this is to be augmented to proportions worthy of the large style in which the scheme was announced. This sum however, though wholly inadequate for a system of life-pensions, would materially aid the delicate and admirable operations of the Literary Fund; and if Sir Edward and his allies are, as we suspect, very much at a loss to know how to dispose of it, we would advise them to make it over to that excellent institution. The Literary Fund has for some reason been honoured by an attack from the *Athenæum* (echoed by the *Examiner*); but the report read at the annual meeting on Wednesday proves the groundlessness of the charges brought by the *Athenæum* against one of the most beneficent though unobtrusive of our charities. From this it would appear that the total income of the Literary Fund during the last fourteen years has exceeded that of the fourteen preceding years by nearly 7000*l.*; and it is satisfactorily proved that a large proportion of the receipts are traceable to the annual dinner which was so unfortunate as to provoke the ire of our anti-prandial contemporaries.

The youngest of these schemes, that of the Athenæum Institute, seems to combine the features of a Literary Institute and a Life Assurance Association; but in reality the assurance element is detachable from the other. By paying an annual guinea you are a *bona fide* member of the Institute, and further subscriptions, with a life assurance object, are merely optional. As, moreover, the Institute is registered under the Friendly Societies Act, it can assure to the trifling extent of a single 100*l.*, and as many members of the press are already assured, and many more will prefer assuring in other societies than the Athenæum, this "feature" of the Institute may be safely discarded in considering it. What then are the benefits of membership at a guinea a year? Let the prospectus answer: "To be a candidate for assistance from the philanthropic fund; a vote at all the general meetings of the Institute; and certain benefits from the educational and protective branches of the Institute when they are brought into operation." The only certainty here is the vote at the general meeting; for the "philanthropic fund" (as well as the "educational and protective branches") looms in a very remote distance. Nevertheless, a guinea a year is not much; and if nothing be gained, next to nothing can be lost.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS,

MR. JERDAN, late of the *Literary Gazette*, is to have a pension of 100*l.* a year; and the fourth volume of his autobiography, about to be published, will complete that disappointing work, and present its readers with an engraving of Knebworth, and of Knebworth's owner, Sir EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON, Bart. Sir EDWARD is decidedly in the ascendant just now, and that portion of the periodical press which deals in illustrations has been rife of late in portraits of himself, and views of his Hertfordshire seat. Nay, the young gentlemen attending Edinburgh University are about to do him honour, in spite of his frequent sneers at the natives of North Britain. Everybody remembers FRANKLIN'S sarcasm respecting the logic-chopping propensities of "attorneys and all men educated at Edinburgh;"—partly cause, partly effect, in the latter instance, of this propensity, is the number of debating societies in which Edinburgh University rejoices. These, in a time of "coalitions" and "amalgamations," are going to fuse themselves into one vast conglomeration of argumentative discussion, and having offered, without meeting an acceptance, the Presidency of the new coalition to Lord CAMPBELL, Mr. MACAULAY, and Mr. DISRAELI, they have prevailed on Sir EDWARD to allow himself to be put in nomination for the office; and the literary world may

look out for a coming speech on the occasion of the election. Professor AYTON, too, who fills the chair of Belles Lettres in the Edinburgh University, and is, more than anybody else at least, the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, is about to lecture to miscellaneous Edinburgh audiences on "Poetry;" himself a metrical composer of no mean order, witness the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, and many a fugitive rhyme, grave and gay, original and translated, contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*. In this mode of lecturing Professor AYTON follows the example of the ever active and lively BLACKIE, the translator of *Æschylus* and Edinburgh Professor of Greek, who has given the benefit of his exuberance to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. A "model institution," by the way, is the Edinburgh Philosophical, which, with its elegant reading-hall, its lectures and its library, has, in a few years become a sort of general "Exchange" for the inhabitants of the uncommercial, unmanufacturing modern Athens; and its subscription is only an annual guinea. Nor should mention be forborne of the person to whose disinterested efforts and superintendence this success is mainly due—a gentleman of some, though limited, note in the literary world, Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, the biographer and assiduous translator of the German philosopher, FICHTE.

While the debaters of Edinburgh University are doing honour to the author of *Pelham*, the "Union," the great debating-club at Oxford University, has been discussing the merits of Mr. GLADSTONE; and, after arguing for four nights, has passed, by a majority of four out of 210 voters, a vote of want of confidence in the Right Honourable Gentleman,—a result, by the way, which seems rather inconsistent with the opinion that identifies Mr. GLADSTONE with "Young Oxford." The Tutors' Association of the venerable University have begun the publication of a series of pamphlets, criticising the recommendations of the Commissioners, and suggesting changes and reforms of their own invention. Oxford hopes by steps of this kind to preserve its independence of the State. If Oxford can and will reform itself by itself, surely the State would not wish to interfere. But if Oxford finds that course to be impossible,—if with the will there is not the way,—if the old statutes (of which her Majesty's Stationery Office has just published a collection), grown obsolete and inapplicable now, can be abrogated only by the interference of Parliament,—the State, when applied to, will require some guarantee that the dispensing power which it grants will not be abused. The disquisitions of the Tutors' Association refer chiefly to the economics and materialisms of University life,—extension of the hall system, expense of residence, and so forth. But expansions of the course of study are matters of scarcely less importance. English history is a delicate matter to deal with, and not excite dangerous controversy, as Sir JAMES STEPHEN finds even at Cambridge, where accordingly he is bethinking himself to the history of France. Was the execution of CHARLES I. justifiable? Was WILLIAM III. the lawful monarch of England? These are questions which a University Professor would find it difficult to handle. But this is not an excuse for turning out, as Oxford did the other day, a new impression of WHITLOCKE's famed *Memorials* without editing worthily of 1853. And if English history be forbidden ground, is it the same with English literature? Are the changes to be always rung on HOMER and SOPHOCLES, and never on the CHAUCERS and SPENCERS?

The recent appointment of the Select Committee on Parliamentary Papers has acted on the Mechanics' Institution World like the oxy-hydrogen microscope on a drop of water, and revealed the existence of a minute population that no one had any idea of. If you are to believe the newspapers, England teems with active and vivacious Societies for Mutual Improvement, Literary Associations, Mechanics' Institutes, Lyceums, and so on—all agape for Parliamentary literature, and like the horse-leech's daughter crying "Give, give." Sheer ventriloquism, alas! Mr. GRAVE believes much of this vocal vivacity to be, and could point to more than one instance of a Mechanics' Institution reported to be in a state of petitioning activity, which he knows from the evidence of his own senses to have died out long ago. Meanwhile, the amateur-lecture nuisance is visibly abating, and Sir ROBERT PEEL, lecturing lately at Tamworth on his foreign travels, felt in a measure compelled to apologise for his appearance on the platform, and alleged pleadingly, that

he had seen a good deal abroad which could have been seen by none save the son of a Prime Minister. Perhaps so; but all the main continental phenomena, Swiss mountains and Italian sunsets, the sculptures and pictures of the great galleries, the picturesque aspects of an out-of-door population, are patent to all the world; and a stupid man may dine with princes, and carry away with him nothing better than the memory of the dishes which he ate of. However, the young Sir ROBERT spoke for two hours, and was much applauded. And the trustees of the fund for a Working Men's Memorial to the old Sir ROBERT have wound up their accounts, and are to invest the money in a foundation (open to the people) in connection with University College, instead of buying books with it for presentation to popular libraries up and down the country. And (so far, at least, as talk goes) the Free Library movement thrives apace. The Court of Common Council itself has "resolved" that there should be a Free Library in the City: Marylebone passed a similar resolution long ago; but where is Marylebone's Free Library? Employers of labour, one after another, railway company after railway company, have formed libraries for their servants, and with the best results. The very soldiers in her Majesty's service have them; and so excellent are these become, that the officers have applied to be permitted the use of them—an application which was granted on conditions that will not allow the privates' reading comforts to be lessened or impaired.

Private soldiers may sometimes read or at least write too much, witness ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE, the "Whistler at the Plough," and author of *The Autobiography of a Working Man*, who once served King WILLIAM IV., was flogged at Birmingham during the Reform-bill fever for writing political letters to the newspapers, and whose shameful treatment by the Peace Society, in connection with that misfortune, was recently exposed in Parliament to the discomfiture of pretentious Quakerism. After a varied literary career, SOMERVILLE meditates following Messrs. HOWITT and HORNE to Australia.—Mr. Examiner, instead of getting on with his Guild of Literature, amusing himself in bombarding the poor Literary Fund! So SOMERVILLE has been holding public-private meetings at Liverpool and Manchester to form a society for the purchase of his copyrights, that he may bid his native land "good night." At Liverpool, too, last Tuesday, there was a public breakfast, with much post-jentacular oratory, to celebrate the centenary of the birth of WILLIAM ROSCOE, the banker-historian of the Medici, Liverpool's one sole literary notability. It is to ROSCOE (under BROUGHAM) that the literary world owes the presence of Mr. ANTHONY PANIZZI in the library of the British Museum, who came to London from Liverpool (where he taught his native Italian) with a recommendation of ROSCOE's to his Lordship, and his Lordship put him into the Museum; hence these tears! *Apròpos* of Lord BROUGHAM, G. H. FRANCIS, the "Critical Biographer" of *Fraser's Magazine*, who seems, like some animals, to sleep through the winter months, has roused him with the late fine genial weather, and offers you a critical biography of his Lordship for the trifling sum of one shilling. In vain! O FRANCIS! in vain!

The traveller KOHL remarked that the Italians were singularly successful in England; and PANIZZI in Museums and PISTRECCIS in Mints would seem to corroborate the assertion of the worthy and wandering German. Although he could not maintain it to the last, what a figure did not the Dantean and Petrarchan Ugo Foscolo cut in London, with his sumptuous cottage *orné*, and its attendant nymphs? Foscolo is now to have his life written by ENRICO MAYER, of Pisa, and the biographer advertises in the English newspapers, to request "those friends of the poet who might have letters or other papers relating to his life or works, to allow copies to be taken by their agent in London, A. GALLENGA," himself the recent biographer of FRA DOLCINO, and who in literature chooses to be known as "L. MARIOTTI." In the list of English friends given is the name of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and many another of England's social notabilities! What modern classic has found so many English translators as DANTE has? Mr. CATLEY promises soon another section of the *Divina Commedia* in English terza-rima. What has become of Dr. CARLYLE's prose version of the *Purgatorio*? Indeed there is a perfect rage for translation just now. Without dwelling on Mr. BOHN's most

excellent and acceptable "Classical Library," there is HORACE alone who has had three translators within the twelvemonth: and men how different—SEWELL of Oxford; "FRANK" NEWMAN, the proselytising nothingarian; and Mr. MELVILLE, a quondam life-guardsmen.

In history, Mr. BOHN promises to continue the valuable series of early English chronicles which has put Bede within the reach of the poorest student; and Ordericus Vitalis, the memoirist of the Conquest, with others equally acceptable, are soon to appear in the "Antiquarian Library." You don't care about the Norman Conquest, but you care about modern English political gossip—then you are to have the concluding volumes of the Grenville papers in the shape of *The Diary of George Grenville, with his private and political correspondence during a period of thirty years*, and four more volumes (it is to be hoped the last) of *The Castlereagh Correspondence, edited by the Marquis of Londonderry*. Sir ROBERT PEEL's speeches are in course of republication, pure and simple, from HANSARD's melancholy pages, and a reprint of the Iron Duke's parliamentary oratory is also under way. A likely enough biographical-historical monograph is a talk-of life of Queen CHRISTINA of Sweden, which might well in due time be followed by one of a very different female sovereign, CATHERINE of Russia. The judicial GROTE is on the eve of an eleventh volume of his *History of Greece*; and a fourth volume of his *History of Greek Literature* is perhaps already due to the perseverance of Colonel MURE, of Caldwell, the representative of one of the oldest of Scottish families, and who the other day moved for and obtained still another select committee on the National Gallery. Dr. LAYARD has just published more *Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh*, and already, no doubt, has received a commission for another one; for the Dr., without vacating his seat for Aylesbury, is off again to the East to assist Lord STRAFFORD DE REDCLIFFE in soothing the dying moments of the Turkish Empire; and before he left for that pious work, did not the London corporation bestow on him the freedom of the city in a gold box? The Sacred East, if but tolerably handled, always commands attention from the English reading public, and Dr. LEPSIUS' Egyptian Letters are already at their second edition. But the East has its modern political interest as well as its ancient sacred one; and if a hundred and fifty millions of Hindoos are under the sway of England, why should not Mr. GEORGE CAMPBELL, related to my Lord the Chief Justice of that name, follow up his former book with an *India as it may be*? Even in our light literature, Hindostan is making itself felt:—Mr. PUNCH has his Indian illustrations, and Lang, once of the *Mofussile*, and noted in connexion with Iotie Persaud, has begun a trashy Indian tale, *The Wetherbys, Father and Son*, appearing in *Fraser's Magazine*. From *Fraser*, also, KINGSLEY is reprinting his *Hyppatia*, the worst of all his novels; for though he can copy and colour, he cannot create, and if he wish to be effective, he must return to the men and to the scenery of contemporary England. A new fiction approaches.—Sir Frederick Derwent—by the author of *Snaugglers and Foresters*, and of *Fabian's Tower*, who needs only care and cultivation to rise considerably above his present element of the Minerva Press.

From the correspondence of JEFFREY and MOORE, published in the memoirs of the latter, it would appear that five-and-thirty years ago the circulation of the *Edinburgh Review* was 13,000 per number: is it half as much now—now that the reading world has so vastly augmented in wealth and population? Our so-called "higher" periodical press is sinking to zero in matter, manner, and motive. The last number of the *Westminster* had actually in it articles from two Yankees, one of them on DANIEL WEBSTER, by an person of the name of WHIPPLE, who instead of being thankful that he was printed at all, is complaining on the other side of the Atlantic that his precious lucubration was altered and abridged! ALISON, the historian and chief political contributor to *Blackwood*, was made a baronet by the last administration, and CROKER of the *Quarterly* has always been looked on as the staunchest of Tories. Yet each, in his several publication, smiles on the coalition-ministry! You want to "know the reason why?" Because Mr. DISRAELI gibbeted CROKER as Mr. Rigby, and laughed at ALISON as Mr. Woddy. Alas! sarcasms, like the "curses" and "chickens" of the proverb, always at last "return home."

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ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

Lectures on the Results of the Great Exhibition. 2nd series. Bogue.

This volume contains the lectures of Wilson on Agricultural Products, Macadam on Flax, Tennant on Gems, Bazley on Cotton, Blackwell on Iron, Shaw on Glass, Wyatt on Decorative Art, Owen Jones on the Employment of Colour, Anstond on the non-metallic Mineral Manufactures, Arnoux on Porcelain and Pottery, and on the General Results of the Exhibition, to which these lectures are an appropriate close. Every visitor should read them, for thus the remembrance of what was there beheld will be revived, and turned to profitable account in the knowledge of the meaning of a great deal that was unintelligible to the uninitiated. We do not know two more instructive volumes than are these collected lectures.

The Illustrated Natural History. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. London: Routledge.

A SHORT but interesting account of the various animals, illustrated by no less than 450 engravings of exquisite design and execution, will make this volume a most welcome one. Mr. Wood's endeavour to present something of animal biography as well as of the science of natural history has been entirely successful. It is a book for every household.

HISTORY.

The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration. By Earl GREY. In 2 vols. London.

THE professed object of this work is to put the reader in possession of the means of judging correctly of the real character and scope of the measures relating to the colonies, the grounds upon which they were adopted, and the manner in which they were carried out by Earl GREY, while he held the office of Colonial Secretary, from 1846 to the formation of the new ministry in 1852. An exposition of the state of the "shades of government" existing in the colonies during the last seven years cannot fail at this time to meet with a welcome reception. Whatever may be the political bias of the reader, whether in favour of free trade or protection, or whether he may be an advocate for retaining or abandoning the colonies when all hopes of substantial benefits are supposed to have been taken away by the removal of restrictions, this work will be eagerly sought and read with interest, while its authentic materials will ensure it a permanent value. Its political character, however, prevents any minute examination of its principles, and its chief merits can hardly be touched upon without reference to discussions which it is desirable to avoid; we therefore confine our notice to such portions as more especially bear upon the general welfare of the community, avoiding, if possible, all political reference or party predilections.

Lord John Russell's former colleague and present correspondent misses few opportunities of setting forth in a strong light the liberality and disinterestedness of the popular party. Thus in the appointment of Lord Elgin, who moved the address which led to the downfall of Lord Melbourne's administration in 1841, the recommendation of Lord Elgin to the Queen was made in preference to personal friends or the claims of any member of the party. There is no reason to doubt the purity of the motives which induced the preference. But as Lord Elgin did not leave this country to assume the government of Canada until January 1847, sufficient time had elapsed for his lordship to become a convert to free trade policy.

The general impression that a large amount of patronage attaches to the colonial secretaryship is an error, which Earl Grey seems desirous to correct.

I cannot forbear remarking that as the government of Canada is literally the only civil office in that colony in the gift of the Home Government, and is the greatest prize in the colonial service, the manner in which it was on this occasion disposed of affords a proof of the injustice of the common allegations that the colonies are retained only for the sake of the patronage they afford.

Earl Grey has shown very clearly in figures, from accredited sources, that instead of the decrease anticipated in the exportation of sugar

on free trade policy, there has been on the averages of five years, ending July 1846, compared with the five years ending July 1851, a total increase from the British possessions of 635,869 cwts.; therefore it is inferred that, notwithstanding the competition of the foreign grower, there has been a decided improvement on comparison with five years of monopoly. But Earl Grey has not set off against this the expensive stimulus given to the planter, viz., providing for him a sufficient number of labourers to supply the place of the idlers occasioned by the emancipation of the negroes, also the liberal reduction of taxes, amounting to nearly 80,000*l.* which pressed heavily upon the colonist. This will probably lead to the inquiry, by whom are these deficiencies to be made good? But this is not a subject within our province to investigate.

The plan of taxing labourers indirectly, and at the same time to stimulate them to exertion, is certainly a novel one, and if practicable should be widely extended.

The necessity of resorting to immigration is ascribed to the indolence of the negroes as soon as they discovered the value of their services as labourers.

In 1846 wages in Guiana had risen to two shillings and fourpence for about six hours' labour; the negroes scarcely ever condescending to work more than four days in the week, and often only two or three.

The high rate of wages which the negroes could command, and the absence of any necessity for devoting more than a small portion of their time to labour, instead of proving a real advantage to them, had tended to make them rather retrograde than advance in civilisation since the abolition of slavery. They are described in Guiana (where the evil was greatest), as passing their time in shooting and fishing, leading an irregular and wandering life, much addicted to petty theft, and committing more serious offences when called upon to submit to a very moderate reduction of their extravagant wages, which was imperatively demanded by an alteration in the price of sugar. Education is stated to have made little progress, and it is observed that the fact of the continued prevalence and undiminished influence of the practice of *obeah* in this and other colonies will partially illustrate the slow progress of intellectual improvement amongst them; and there seems to be a general impression that the rising generation are less docile and more inclined to evil and reckless pursuits than their elders. Such is the melancholy picture given by a very competent authority of the social condition of the negro population in one of the most important of the former slave colonies, more than fourteen years after the passing of the Act of Emancipation, and about ten years after the negroes had been placed in the enjoyment of entire freedom by the abolition of the system of apprenticeship.

Earl Grey discovers the cause of these sad results of freedom in "the system which had been pursued towards these colonies at the time of emancipation and since," which was "radically erroneous," and therefore "a totally different one ought to be adopted." The remedy for this evil is, of course, the modern panacea for all political diseases, *Free Trade*. This will lower the price of sugar, and compel the negro to work for wages that will not permit him any longer to enjoy his freedom. Happy are they who are not compelled to understand politics, and the arcana of colonial governments! Yet we fully appreciate the moral advantages of the proposal to substitute for the direct coercion of the whip, by which the negroes have hitherto been impelled to labour, the indirect constraint by which the working classes in countries where slavery does not exist are driven to exertion, namely, the impossibility of otherwise obtaining such maintenance as their habits render necessary to them. Experience has taught us that the labourer who is of necessity constantly employed, and is adequately remunerated, enjoys a much greater share of happiness than one who can afford to waste half his working hours in idleness, or even in what are commonly called innocent recreations.

Immigrants introduced into the colony at the public expense should be registered, and should be required either to enter into written engagements to work for a year for some planter, or, in the event of their not doing so, to pay in advance a monthly tax of five shillings; the written engagements to be subject to a stamp duty of forty shillings for an original engagement, and twenty shillings for the renewal of an engagement at the end of the year with the same masters. Registered immigrants were not to be allowed

to leave the colony without passports until they had completed five years' industrial residence, which was defined to be residence during which they had been under written engagement to work for some master, and had been paying the monthly tax. At the end of five years' industrial residence the immigrants were to be entitled to a free passage back to India; but those who chose to return at their own expense at an earlier period were to pay, before receiving a passport, one pound for every year to make up the stipulated term of residence.

By this simple ORDINANCE the labourers were to be kept to work, and to repay the cost of their immigration by a decrease in their wages.

We were not before aware that an ex-minister, while out of office, is reduced to the necessity of depending upon the public press for political information. Without paying our brethren a compliment, we believe he may safely do so on all important matters that are made public relating to Government.

The constitution which now exists in British Guiana is a somewhat complicated one; but, having been gradually moulded into its present shape to meet wants and difficulties which have from time to time arisen, I believe it to be far from unsuitable to the existing state of society, and with some modifications which were in progress when I gave up the seals of the Colonial Department (and which, so far as I can gather from the newspapers,* seems likely to be proceeded with), will probably be as good a form of government as the peculiar circumstances of the colony will admit of. A body called the "Court of Policy," in which the number of official and unofficial members is equal, the Governor having a casting vote, possesses the general power of legislation, but without the right of levying taxes or making appropriations from the Colonial Revenue. [In strictness only in force during the continuance of the civil list.] These powers the members of the Court of Policy can only exercise when sitting in what is called "the Combined Court," with certain persons who are known as the "Financial Representatives," and are, as their name implies, elected to the office they hold. Till lately, however, the Financial Representatives were chosen by about 800 persons only out of a population of 120,000, and were really not the representatives of the people, but of the merchants, planters, and absentee proprietors. In the Court of Policy the Governor, by the official votes and his own casting vote, can always command a majority, though this is a power never exercised but with great reluctance. In the Combined Court, on the contrary, the addition of the Financial Representatives leaves him without the power of carrying any measure unless he can obtain the support of some at least of the elective members.

This constitution has since been improved by amendments, and, like the dissolving views, is still in a state of happy transition towards perfection. How many changes must be made in working the present political myriamora would puzzle an arithmetician to calculate. Possibly, after the lapse of a few centuries, the nations of Europe will enjoy something like settled governments.

Earl Grey admits that the colonies ought to take upon themselves a larger proportion "than heretofore of the charges they occasion;" but unfortunately an opportunity has never occurred to enforce this salutary reform. Some obstacle is always in the way. In America, the neighbouring free states are disposed to quarrel, and the North American colonies require from us a force to protect them. Therefore we are not only called upon to provide the necessary security, but have to bear the expense also. In the West Indies the commercial distress forms "a complete obstacle to their being called upon for any contribution towards their military defence;" and England, as in every instance, must wait the convenience of the planters to pay, or become responsible for the charges incurred in protecting them in their possessions. We are glad to learn, however, that the justice of this policy is at last admitted, and that the intention of enforcing it has not been abandoned. When an opportunity occurs, we hope that England will have both the power and the spirit to carry out these well-digested "intentions."

CANADA.

Canada, in the opinion of the late Colonial Secretary, has acquired sufficient experience in government to be left entirely to the control of its own legislators. The slender ties which

* See also Vol. I. pp. 160, 302, 338.

England has thought proper to retain are to be abandoned; and henceforth we are to be satisfied with the honour of being acknowledged the mother country, and this part of America is to enjoy the security of existing under the protection of the British empire.

The letter on Canada is lengthy; but it discusses subjects which have so recently attracted general attention, and which have now ceased to possess especial interest, that few will feel inclined to refresh their memories with the policy which led to the adjustment of the affairs of this colony.

In this part of the work Earl Grey has introduced an important and pleasing instance of the affectionate character of the Irish, which, in justice to the sister kingdom, and in a moral point of view, deserves to be widely circulated.

The Emigration Commissioners have ascertained that the remittances made by former emigrants to their friends and relations in this country amounted last year to nearly a million of money, taking into account only those remittances made by channels which admit of their being traced, and without reckoning the sums sent by private hands, or other means, of which it is known that the aggregate amount must be very large, though, individually, the sums so sent are usually small. The money thus transmitted from the United States and the British Colonies is chiefly for the purpose of assisting those to whom it is sent to emigrate: and it is now a common practice for several friends or relations in Ireland to club their means, so as to enable one or more of their number to emigrate, and the individuals so sent save out of their wages what is necessary to carry out the rest in succession. The able-bodied son or husband frequently emigrates in the first instance, and then remits to his wife or parents the means of joining him in America; and it has been clearly ascertained that of late years the great majority of Irish emigrants who have landed at New York and in Canada have been proceeding to join their friends and relations who had gone before them. It is highly to the credit of the Irish national character that there should exist so generally amongst the lowest classes of the population such strong feelings of family affection, and such fidelity and firmness of purpose, as are implied by the great extent to which this mode of conducting emigration has been carried.

No plan of emigration has ever been proposed or carried out with such cheering prospects as this simple means dictated by the innate kindness of the "deserted Irish." We believe that our Australian gold-seekers have shown a disposition to imitate this noble example. There is only one serious reflection arising from these voluntary efforts to encourage others to become exiles from their native land: it is the assurance that the best and most energetic will take advantage of the opportunity. The healthy, the virtuous, and the enterprising depart. This brings us to the consideration of a colony, the government of which is at present more important than all our other foreign possessions taken together.

AUSTRALIA.

The great difficulty in the policy of Australia is to provide the means of keeping the honest enterprising emigrants from the pollution and outrages of convicted and, in too many instances, we fear, liberated felons. The experiments which have been tried to reform the worthless are likely to recoil upon the innocent, unless measures are immediately taken to separate the two classes, and the only effectual way appears to be to withdraw at once the whole of the convict population. Earl Grey thinks otherwise, and is still for mixing a portion of the unsound with the sound, in the hope that the healthiness of the one will impart health to the other. But vice, like other diseases, is not to be thus cured. It is too contagious to be trifled with. The only way to avoid it is to keep it at a distance, especially from those who in their present unsettled and excited state are too much predisposed to be infected. As this is a question of morals as well as of policy, it might be more fully discussed if space allowed and the subject were not one of the most important among the measures occupying the attention of Parliament.

The attempt to explain away the engagement to send no more convicts to Van Diemen's Land will scarcely satisfy Earl Grey's warmest admirers. Nothing can be more explicit and final than the following declaration, which Earl Grey now admits "might be an unguarded one:—

I have to inform you that it is not the intention of her Majesty's Government that transportation to Van Diemen's Land should be resumed at the expiration of the two years for which it has already been decided that it should be discontinued.

This "expression," we are now told, was meant to apply only to transportation on the former system, and that it was still intended that convicts should ultimately be removed to the Australian colonies, though not for the purpose of undergoing forced labour in the penal gangs; but the Lieutenant-Governor was not clear-headed enough to perceive the extent of the reservation implied in these instructions.

We were much struck with the contrast between the habits of the settlers and those of the convict labourers. The vice which in most instances led the convict on to crime is said to be the besetting sin of the emigrant. The convict is held up by Earl Grey as a pattern of sobriety; but will he maintain this character after he has obtained his freedom?

The following extraordinary fact in relation to this subject has not been satisfactorily accounted for, and will appear to most people inexplicable, seeing that convicts are, to a great extent, not persons accustomed to labour:

Every ship laden with convicts which has lately arrived [in Australia], has led to applications for their services two or three times more in number than the men who have been brought; and that although one of the rules of the League [Anti-Transportation] is that none of its members are to employ convicts, yet practically many of them are found not the least eager of the numerous candidates for this description of labour.

NEW ZEALAND.

The affairs of this colony have of late been left in a great measure to the management of the Governor. Earl Grey speaks in terms of high commendation of the policy of Sir George Grey; and lest the similarity of names should give rise to suspicion of partiality, the Earl disclaims any relationship or further knowledge of Sir George Grey than what he has been able to judge from his conduct and his official correspondence. It appears from returns quoted that this colony also has been progressing in prosperity during the time from which Earl Grey dates his colonial policy. The good effects of a firm Government (in the end the most merciful) is shown by the result of the prompt measures taken to quell the insurrection at Wanganui in 1847, which broke out in consequence of the execution of four of the murderers of the wife and children of a settler. The firmness and decision of Captain Lave probably saved the country from a serious rebellion. It is mentioned as a curious circumstance that one of the petitions signed by the natives requesting the Queen to allow Sir G. Grey to remain in New Zealand, was first signed by the chief Te Raurapaha, who had been kept long in confinement, and was the principal actor in the massacre of Captain Wakefield and his companions in 1843.

The progress of colonisation in New Zealand will no doubt be for some time impeded if not annihilated by the late discoveries in Australia.

CEYLON, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, NATAL, AND OTHER MINOR SETTLEMENTS.

These are classed as colonies which have been disturbed by war or insurrection. The consideration of the policy pursued in these colonies is perhaps more important than that which has already produced such good effects in the more prosperous settlements; but from the present unsettled state of these possessions the subjects necessarily assume a more political character, and cannot be entered upon without allusion to measures still pending, and references to the current events and opinions of the day. The letters, however, contain a mass of information which must be of great service to all parties who are engaged or interested in the political problems of this eventful period.

The author concludes his work with some "General Observations" and a "Postscript," bearing a date so recent as the 22nd of February. In the latter he repeats his disapprobation of the measure proposed for relieving Australia of its convict population; and we fancy we can perceive that Earl Grey is not satisfied with some of his late colleagues for not advocating more strenuously his particular views on that subject.

Each volume contains a copious appendix, consisting chiefly of official despatches relating to colonial government. These, if not new to such as may hereafter have occasion to refer to them, are valuable from being thus brought together, and will assist the general reader in forming a correct estimate of Earl Grey's services as Colonial Secretary.

Criticism on the literary merits of these volumes would be misplaced. The style is official, and differs in no respect from that to which one

has been so long accustomed when inclined to dip into those yearly reports issued by order of Parliament.

The epistolary form in which Earl Grey has thought proper to introduce his vindication of the colonial policy of Lord John Russell's administration carries with it the appearance of a wish to speak *at* rather than *to* the people. Whatever might have been the writer's motive for this evasion, it would have been better, perhaps, to have omitted it, for the style and subjects make the reader at once forget that the letters are addressed *exclusively* to Lord John Russell.

Palmoni: an Essay on the Chronological and Numerical Systems in use among the Ancient Jews. London: Longman and Co.

It would be impossible, even if our readers could have desired it, which they would not, for us to give even a briefest outline of the contents of this bulky volume, whose second title describes the design. Glancing at the closely-printed pages, they present themselves as a mass of figures and numerical signs; and, had we opened it at random, without reading the title-page, we should certainly have supposed it to be a treatise on arithmetic. Doubtless, the work is extremely valuable and learned, but we must honestly confess that it passes our understanding; and we will not so much as attempt a description of it, taking it for granted that the laborious and erudite author has rightly solved his arithmetical problems. We should add that, besides the Jewish researches, it contains an examination of the Assyrian, Egyptian, and other ancient chronographies. We have done our duty by naming it to those whom the subject may attract.

Mr BOHN has added to his "Antiquarian Library" the first volume of the *Annals of Roger de Hoveden*, which comprise the history of England and of the other countries of Europe, from A.D. 732 to A.D. 1201, and which have been translated by Mr. H. T. RILEY, Barrister-at-Law. This series of republications and translations of the old chroniclers is one of the enterprises for which literature is so indebted to Mr. Bohn, and which, we fear, will bring him more honour than profit; for the price is so small that only an enormous sale could recompense him.—The 8th volume of *Neander's General History of the Christian Religion and Church* composes the new volume of Bohn's "Standard Library." This is the best translation into the English language of the work of the great defender of the Christian faith against the Rationalists; and, happily for the cause of religion, it is published at a price that will permit of its universal dissemination; and it cannot be too widely read. It is the best antidote to the poison of his countrymen.

BIOGRAPHY.

Passages from my Life; together with Memoirs of the Campaign of 1813 and 1814. By Baron MUFFLING. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Colonel PHILIP YORK. London.

To those who have to speak of "moving accidents" and "hair-breath 'scapes" an attentive auditory is, at all times, certain, let him tell his story well or ill in the estimation of the more critic. He who hath been to the wars, and who hath "smelt gunpowder in wrath," can tell tales both strange and true, at the winter's hearth and in boarded-book, sufficiently interesting to prevent one from falling asleep. And, again, if the world is not pugnacious as a world, as peace societies tell us, it does, at least, sympathise with pugnacity. There is no use disguising the fact: we like fighting—we of the *genus homo*. Hence the arena and its gladiators and wild beasts. Hence mediæval tilts and tournaments. Hence Spanish bull-fights. Hence eighteenth-century bull-baitings, cock-fights, dog-fights, man-fights; the last named of fights being now, happily so far, in almost the same plight as the legitimate drama. We relish parliamentary pugnacity—we like to listen to a good sparring-match between two clever "honourable gentlemen"—and even to listen to the "pulpit-drum ecclesiastic," when "beat with fist," is far from shocking to our sensibilities.

Now, all this has been said by way of introducing Baron MUFFLING's book, which, to a great extent, is about fighting. The Baron is by no means the best story-teller in the world, being at times abrupt in his narrative, provokingly prosy and superfluous of words; but for the reasons already adduced we have listened respectfully to the end, especially as he must be accepted as a great authority respecting the events and men of whom he speaks.

This is a posthumous work, written in the mode of the French memoirs,—a mode which the writer deliberately adopted, as he found "no

mode of writing so well calculated as memoirs to bring a section of history clearly before the eyes of the reader." In truth it affords most scope for an easy, gossiping style of writing, but exposes the writer to the charge of egotism, and certainly Von Müffling writes of himself as a man of no small account. The son of a Prussian officer, who had served during the seven years' war, he entered the army at an early age, and at a time when "the king's (Frederick II.) first demand on all young officers who aimed at a rapid career was fluency in speaking French." This monarch he considers to have exercised an unfavourable influence upon his education; but it is clear that he had much natural talent, and that grand substitute for a formal education, a habit of observation. "Experience," he says, "was my sole master in military science." Having a turn for mathematics, he was employed on the trigonometrical survey for Lecocq's map of Westphalia. For three years he was assistant to Von Zach, director of the Seeberg observatory; and we can readily understand how his mathematical knowledge stood him in good stead in moments of peril, and easily credit his statements how, with the aid of chronometer, map, and compass, he could tell to a nicety when an attack might be expected, and when a retreat should be commenced. His promotion appears to have been sufficiently rapid. At thirty years of age he was Lieutenant-Quartiermaster-General. His subsequent promotions in the Prussian service brought him into contact with some of the most distinguished men who flourished during the wars of the French revolution, and it is what he has to say concerning these which gives the chief value to the "Passages," which, in truth, are biographical as well as autobiographical. Notwithstanding the amount of egotism they present, there is a certain candour, impartiality, and freedom of criticism on both friend and foe, which will make these pages appreciated. Speaking, for instance, of the Prussian army in 1805, he says:—

There were at that time, in the Prussian army, from the generals to the ensigns, hot heads without number; and those who were not so by nature assumed a passionate, coarse manner, fancying that it belonged to the military profession, and that Frederick II. desired it. It was then a rule inculcated on every young officer, not only to answer in a determined manner (as it was called), but to answer at once, without reflecting whether the answer were correct or false. It was said that Frederick II. never found fault with a lie quickly spoken in reply, but that he had dismissed officers who, on a question put by him, had considered their answer, even when quite right in doing so. This was a bad principle, and it was worthy of Schamhorst's courage to resist it practically.

Again, he thus speaks of the Prussian infantry in 1815:

Our infantry does not possess the same bodily strength or powers of endurance as yours. The greater mass of our troops are too young and inexperienced; we cannot reckon on their obstinately continuing a fight from morning to evening. We must seek our strength not in defensive operations only, but in a simultaneous, bloody, but not long-continued offensive one; attacking late in the evening, so that the fight is hottest at the close of day. To economise their strength is a thing quite unknown to our men. Led by our officers, they expend in one hour what might have taken four to consume. By so doing they compel their opponents to make unusual exertions, and just at a time when night prevents heroic deeds and well-performed duties from being properly admired. If they succeed in the evening in penetrating at some point, so that the enemy is forced to concentrate, retreating, then the powers of our army come out in their most brilliant light—their opponent is lost.

Much in the same strain, and much on which military men are better qualified to express an opinion, we pass over, to let the Baron speak of the great celebrities of his day. He does not hesitate to speak of the arrogance, bad taste, and brutality, of the Emperor Napoleon, who looked upon the Germans, one and all, as sleepy fellows, and of whom he was wont to say—"They are content when they have their cabbage-crop in their cellar." Napoleon was grand in a battle, but a sorry hand, as we find, at a battue. We are now at Erfurt on the preserves of the Duke of Weimar.

The Prince de Neufchatel, as *Grand Veneur*, questioned me closely beforehand about the mode of beating, and insisted that in the field-beating deep holes should be dug for the shooters. This was done, and the soundness of his reasons were apparent in the course of the day's sport. Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander stood side by side; the French mar-

shals on the right and left. When the first hare was started, all the marshals disappeared in their deep holes, and Napoleon fired away indiscriminately at the supports of his empire, at the hares and beaters. After the sport was over, and the guns were packed up, when, in answer to the Prince de Neufchatel's question, I was able to say that we had no wounded, he exclaimed "*Dieu merci!*"

Of Blücher—Marshal Forward as he was called by his countrymen, and "the Little Suwarrow" by the Russian soldiers, with whom, as well as with the English, he was a great favourite—Baron Müffling gives many characteristic anecdotes. There was some hot work at the combat of Brienne, but Blücher took it coolly. He got tired of watching the French army from the terrace of the castle, and went to dinner. He invited a captive orderly officer to join him.

The usual cheerfulness reigned during the dinner. Some French balls went through the castle. The field-marshal made excuses to his guest, and directed an officer of his guard to take him to a safe place to finish his dinner; but the French officer declared that he found himself in too good company to leave them. There was, amongst the guests, a man who, as a volunteer defender of his country, was not a soldier by profession, and was so incommode by the noise of the balls and the cracking of the falling panels in the walls over our head, that he kept changing colour, and moving his chair here and there, as if he wished to avoid the falling-in of the ceiling. As all eyes were directed on this restless person, the field-marshal called to him across the table, "Does this castle belong to you?"—"To me? No." Then you may be quite easy; the castle is solidly built, the cost of repairs will not be considerable, and at any rate you will not have to pay for them."

His strong antipathy to Bonaparte is well known. An energetic speaker, he took every opportunity to cheer and encourage his soldiers, and let no occasion slip him of rousing their hatred of the scourge of Europe. Thus:—

"The custom on New-year's night of taking leave of the old year, and welcoming the new one, was turned to account by the field-marshal for concluding and beginning. He determined that as the clock struck twelve at night on the 31st December, the Silesian army should cross the Rhine at three points, Manheim, Caub, and Coblenz. A short proclamation to the soldiers, and another to the inhabitants of the left bank, were prepared. In the latter he said, "All who have pleasure in fighting for Bonaparte may go away, to seek death and destruction in his ranks." This phrase was written less for the inhabitants of the left bank than to raise the pride of our soldiers.

A most implacable old fighter was this Field-Marshal Blücher towards Napoleon. The following is an important extract, as it places in striking contrast the characters of two great generals, and must enhance, to every Englishman, the memory of the Great Duke.

During the march on Paris, Field-Marshal Blücher had one time a prospect of getting Napoleon into his power; the delivering up of Napoleon was the invariable condition stipulated by him in every conference with the French commissioners sent to treat for peace or an armistice. I received from him instructions to inform the Duke of Wellington, that as the Congress of Vienna had declared Napoleon outlawed, it was his intention to have him shot whenever he caught him. But he desired, at the same time, to know what were the Duke's views on the subject, for should he entertain the same as himself, he wished to act in concert with him. The Duke stared at me in astonishment, and in the first place disputed the correctness of this interpretation of the Viennese declaration of outlawry, which was never meant to incite to the assassination of Napoleon. He therefore did not think that they could acquire from this act any right to order Napoleon to be shot, should they succeed in making him a prisoner of war. But be this as it may, as far as his own position and that of the field-marshal with respect to Napoleon were concerned, it appeared to him that, since the battle they had won, they were become much too conspicuous personages to justify such a transaction in the eyes of Europe. I had already felt the force of the Duke's arguments before I most reluctantly undertook my mission, and was therefore little disposed to dispute them. "I therefore," continued the Duke, "wish my friend and colleague to see this matter in the light I do; such an act would hand down our names to history stained by a crime, and posterity would say of us that we did not deserve to be the conquerors of Napoleon; the more so as such a deed is now quite useless, and can have no object."

The passages having reference to the late Duke of Wellington will be read with much interest by his admirers. His military character is here given by a man, who first approached him with suspicion, but who shortly learned to confide in his integrity and abilities. Having been appointed

to proceed to the English head-quarters to keep up the connexion between Wellington and Blücher, he was in daily communication with the former, and had every opportunity of studying and knowing his man. Of the Duke and the English army a foreigner thus writes:—

On the other hand, I perceived that the Duke exercised far greater power in the army he commanded than Prince Blücher in the one committed to his care. The rules of the English service permitted the Duke's suspending any officer and sending him back to England. The Duke had used this power during the war in Spain, when disobedience showed itself amongst the higher officers. Sir Robert Wilson was an instance of this. Amongst all the generals, from the leaders of corps to the commanders of brigades, not one was to be found in the active army who had been known as refractory. It was not the custom in this army to criticise or control the commander-in-chief. Discipline was strictly enforced; every one knew his rights and his duties. The Duke, in matters of service, was very short and decided. He allowed questions, but dismissed all such as were unnecessary. His detractors have accused him of being inclined to encroach on the functions of others,—a charge which is at variance with my experience.

Here is another to add to the many accounts of the celebrated

BALL AT BRUSSELS.

Towards midnight the Duke entered my room and said "I have got news from Mons, from General Dörnberg, who reports that Napoleon has turned towards Charleroi with all his forces, and that there is no longer any enemy in front of him; therefore orders for the concentration of my army at Nivelles and Quatre Bras are already dispatched. The numerous friends of Napoleon who are here (as towards evening the cannonade could be distinctly heard before the gates of Brussels), will raise their heads: the well-disposed must be tranquillised; let us therefore go, all the same, to the ball of the Duchess of Richmond, after which, about five o'clock, we can ride off to the troops assembled at Quatre Bras." All took place accordingly; the Duke appeared very cheerful at the ball, where all the great people of Brussels were collected; he remained there till three o'clock, and about five we were on horseback.

There are several pages of critical and descriptive matter respecting the "three days" of Waterloo, to which we would refer those who take interest in that celebrated fight. This, remember, is the account not only of an eye-witness, but of an eye-witness whose duties required him to see the battle from many different points of view. The Duke's last advance, with his weak battalions, was by some considered hazardous, but advance he would. Müffling thinks that there was probably a political motive for this advance.

The Duke, with his practised eye, perceived that the French army was no longer dangerous; he was equally aware, indeed, that with his infantry so diminished he could achieve nothing more of importance; but if he stood still, and resigned the pursuit to the Prussian army alone, it might appear in the eyes of Europe, as if the English army had defended themselves bravely indeed, but that the Prussians alone decided and won the battle. When the two leaders afterwards met, it could be arranged with good grace that the Prussian army should undertake the pursuit. About midnight, at Waterloo, returning from the pursuit, which I had continued with the Prussian army to Genappe, I said to the Duke,—"The field-marshal will call the battle 'Belle-Alliance.'" He made no answer, and I perceived at once that he had no intention of giving it this name. Now, whether he was afraid of thereby prejudicing himself or his army, I know not. Meanwhile, he had probably already called it the battle of Waterloo in his previous report to England, for he was in the habit of naming the battles he won in India and Spain after his head-quarters. After this battle I enjoyed a greater share of the Duke's confidence, which was uninterrupted. He had seen that I had the welfare of all at heart, and that I entertained towards him the reverence due to those talents as a commander, which did not more distinguish him than the openness and rectitude of his character.

Much of the third part of the work—the campaigns of the Silesian army under Blücher in 1813 and 1814, will be interesting to the soldier and military historian rather than to the general reader. Here and there a lively passage occurs; but on the whole it is perplexed and tedious, and repeats much of the story told in part the first. We miss an index, too, to the two first parts. As far as we can judge, Colonel Yorke has done the duty of editor with great fidelity.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MESSRS. Clark, of Edinburgh, determined to maintain the high reputation of their "Foreign Theological Library," have just added to the series a twenty-eighth volume, containing *A General Historico-Critical Introduction to the Old Testament*, by H. A. CH. HÄVERNICK, late Teacher of Theology in the University of Königsberg, translated from the German by WILLIAM LANDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D. This work of Professor Hävernicks, an orthodox German divine, is one of the most important that have been recently published on the subject of Old Testament criticism. The second and third chapters especially, which treat of the original languages of the Old Testament Scriptures, and of the history of the text, deserve notice, as containing much information which the mere English reader would not find elsewhere. Indeed, the whole is the production of a learned and earnest scholar. In some parts, however, it labours under the disadvantage of obscurity. Of this and other drawbacks the able translator, while he commends the work as a whole, complains in the following terms:—"It is not, indeed, free from defects. The translator feels himself at liberty to acknowledge that on several points Dr. Hävernicks has failed to carry conviction to his mind; that his conclusions are not always such as his premises seem to justify, at least to the full extent; that not unfrequently he has fallen under the charge of obscurity and vagueness both of thought and expression; that sometimes his ponderous learning rather encumbers than aids his reasonings; and that now and then he has misapprehended the point of an opponent's argument, or has tried to turn it aside by what is irrelevant. But, after every deduction is made that can be justly made on the score of such deficiencies, the work, he is persuaded, will commend itself to literate theologians as one of the most valuable contributions which Germany has furnished to Biblical Criticism and Isagogic." A translator must be both very conscientious, and have great confidence in the merits of his author, when he thus ventures to call attention to his defects. The charge of obscurity is one that has been brought against Dr. Hävernicks even by his own countrymen, and we are therefore bound to express to Dr. Alexander all the more thanks for the pains he must have taken to present us with this translation.—Another noticeable importation from Germany is *The Lord's Day*, by E. W. HENGSTENBERG, Doctor and Professor of Theology at Berlin, translated by JAMES MARTIN, B.A., of Lymington. The Sabbath observance question is one upon which enlightened English readers must feel that it is not indifferent to know what is the opinion of our continental Protestant brethren, and especially of such a man as Professor Hengstenberg, who, now that we have lost the illustrious Neander, may be regarded as the chief expositor of German orthodoxy. The present treatise is divided into three parts, in the first of which the author treats of "The Old Testament; its Letter and Spirit," and in the second of "The Sabbath of the Jews, and the Sunday of Christians; containing—I. A history of opinions on the connexion between the Sabbath and Sunday. II. Investigation of the connexion between the Sabbath and Sunday." Part III. contains "Remedial efforts examined." The doctrine of the strict observance of the Sabbath, as it prevails in this country and America, has of late obtained many advocates in Germany, and the year 1850 stands especially marked for the zeal and energy with which those advocates sought to bring the subject before their countrymen. "Societies were formed, prizes offered, a periodical started, and a large number of publications issued and put in circulation," all with a view to enforce the English, or as it is sometimes called, the Puritanical doctrine of the Sabbath. Professor Hengstenberg, not entirely disapproving of these efforts, at the same time sees a danger in such enthusiasm being carried too far, and at last landing its authors in a Pharisaic formalism. In this, as everything, therefore, he wishes to consult the Holy Scriptures, in which he finds nothing to authorise the view of the conversion of the Jewish Sabbath into the Christian Sunday. Antiquity also is against such a view of the question. "This opinion that the Jewish Sabbath has been simply transferred to the Sunday was entirely unknown in the first ages of Christianity. So much so, that it is never even discussed; whilst the opposite opinion is always mentioned, without any appearance of partiality, as that which universally prevailed." In confirmation of this he quotes the evidence of Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Irenæus, Augustine, Jerome, Bede, Thomas Aquinas, and others successively, down to the time of the German Reformation, when he shows that both the great Luther and the pious Melancthon were entirely opposed to the doctrine of the identity of the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sunday. "The opinion that the Sabbath was transferred to the Sunday was first broached in its perfect form, and with all its consequences, in the controversy which was carried on in England between the Episcopalians and Presbyterians. . . . The Presbyterians maintained that the fourth commandment was a perpetual one, binding upon all ages, and that the difference between

the Old and New Testament consisted solely in this, that at the command of God, given through the Apostles, the first day of the week was substituted for the seventh." The writer's own opinion may be partly gathered from the following sentences:—"On what then is our duty founded, to select Sunday as the day to be observed, since, as we have shown, we cannot dispense with a fixed and regularly returning period, exclusively devoted to the worship of God? We reply, in the first place, on the same feeling which first dictated that selection. This reason must have the same force as ever, since Christ is still the same Saviour, and his resurrection, the climax of his whole work of redemption, must have the same importance for us, as for those who saw him, when risen, with their bodily eyes," &c. In his anxiety to avoid what he calls "one-sidedness, extreme views, and the splitting of hairs," it is difficult to obtain from him, in brief, any decided opinion on the subject. From a perusal of the entire work, however, it may be gathered that he is rather opposed to than favourable towards the introduction into Germany of the English doctrine of Sabbath observance. As a summary of the argument on both sides, Dr. Hengstenberg's treatise is highly valuable, and as such we commend it to the notice of our readers.—*Notes Critical and Explanatory on the Prophecies of Jonah and Hosea, with a summary of the History of Judah and Israel during the period when the Prophecies of Hosea were delivered*, by the Rev. WILLIAM DRAKE, M.A. formerly fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, is a work intended for the use of students who are somewhat advanced in their knowledge of Hebrew. Of Chrestomathies and other helps for beginners there is no lack, either in this country or America. The present is an attempt, and a most successful one, "to do for the prophecies of Jonah and Hosea what has so often been done for the works of classical authors, with a view to their being read by students as distinguished from scholars; though happily, from the nature of the case, with little necessity for conjectural emendation of the text." May we suggest to Mr. Drake, that in a new edition of his valuable notes, which we trust will soon be called for, it would be advisable to print in *extenso* the original text of the two sacred writers?—*An Argument for the Royal Supremacy*, by the Rev. SANDERSON ROBINS, M.A. London, Pickering, is a work, which, although published in 1851, we have only just now received. It had its origin, we believe, in the famous Gorham controversy, a subject happily now no longer discussed; but it embraces at the same time many topics, concerning which it may be said that the strife is still before the judge. The writer's object may be briefly stated in his own words:—"It is the object of this treatise to prove that the ecclesiastical power claimed by our princes is no more than belongs by right and immemorial custom to the Crown; and that the particular applications of it which have been the subjects of protest, namely, the appellate jurisdiction in spiritual causes, the restraint of synods, and the appointment of bishops, are in harmony with recognised church principles, with ancient precedents, and with the facts of our own history." After this preamble Mr. Robins proceeds in his first chapter to an examination of those "authentic documents in which the nature and extent of the supremacy is stated." He also quotes precedents on the subject both from the early history of the Christian Church generally, and of our own country in particular, showing that, whatever may have been the pretensions and aggressions upon the royal supremacy by the Church of Rome, the prerogative of the crown was never relinquished; and that a steady resistance was offered all along to the usurpations of the Bishop of Rome. Such men as Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, and Sewal, Archbishop of York, were continually to be found protesting against the exactions and pretensions of the Italian Pontiffs. Another evidence of this resistance is the laws that were from time to time enacted to restrain the power of the Pope within the realm of England. "They began early and were repeated often, until, in the reign of Henry VIII., they were consolidated and duly enforced." Since that time the supremacy has rested in the person of the Sovereign, and it is well, according to Mr. Robins, both for the church and the laity that such should be the case. In the second chapter the author treats of "The Appellate Jurisdiction;" in chap. iii. of "The Nomination of Bishops;" and in chap. iv. of "The Restraint of Synods." In this last the question of convocation is ably handled, the writer being decidedly opposed to its revival, and stating his reasons with much energy and clearness. It may thus be seen that Mr. Robins's work is not one of those that possess a mere ephemeral interest, but that it deserves a place in the library by the side of those authors who, after being read, may be consulted with advantage when the occasion requires.—*The Coming Struggle with Rome, not Religious but Political; an American's Word of Warning to the English People*, by PIERCE CONNELLY, M.A. is a pamphlet of stirring interest, as may at once be inferred from the fact, that it has already reached a sixth edition. Commencing with a narrative of a private wrong which he sustained at the hands of the Romish priesthood, namely, the removal of his wife from his protection, and his being denied all intercourse with her—a matter which our readers will recollect formed the subject

of a public trial, and in which Mr. Connelly obtained no redress—the writer proceeds to call attention to the various infringements of the Church of Rome upon the liberties of Englishmen generally, and warns them that what he has himself suffered is only an evidence of a wide-spread and deeply-rooted conspiracy to crush, not only our religious freedom, but our civil and political institutions. Mr. Connelly writes with considerable vigour; but he is too much of an alarmist. We do not dread all the fearful consequences of the Emancipation Act, as set forth by him, and we believe that England is still great enough and wise enough to guard against the machinations of Italian cardinals and Irish priests. With Mr. Connelly's private griefs we sympathise heartily, and, without being learned in the law, consider it a great hardship that he should not before this time have obtained redress.—*The Church of England in relation to the State and the People: a Lecture by the Rev. JOHN D. MASSINGBERD, B. A., curate of All Saints', Derby*, given to the members and friends of the All Saints' Instruction Society, is a carefully-written and well-argued defence of the union between Church and State, as at present existing. It contains a great deal of information calculated to be of use to Churchmen when engaged in controversy with Dissenters, while it is happily free from that bitter tone of hostility which is too often exhibited in such publications.—*The Signs of the Times: a Sermon for the New Year, 1853*, by the Rev. CHARLES GIRDLESTONE, M.A., is a simple and practical discourse, printed in the form of a tract, at the low price of ten shillings a hundred, and well calculated for general distribution.—We have received several other books and pamphlets, which must stand over for notice until our next number.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Hughes's Outlines of Sacred Geography and History is a valuable little school-book. It contains a vast amount of information very pleasantly conveyed. The author has not been content with the old-fashioned style of teaching by a dry collection of names and figures. He has gathered from modern travellers and modern natural histories their accounts of the places named in Scripture; and these he has woven into a history which every young person will read with pleasure and profit. It should be adopted as a school class book and reading book.—*The Manual of English Grammar and The Manual of English Derivation* have the usual fault of being too learned. Young persons cannot understand such hard words; besides, they are intolerably dry and repulsive.—Mr. GOOP's *Synoptical Euclid* is distinguished by a peculiar typographical arrangement which conveniently exhibits a perspicuous outline of each demonstration, to facilitate study and private teaching.—Mr. GEORGE T. MANNING has published a volume entitled *Outlines of the History of the Middle Ages*, for the use of schools. It also has the fault of too many names and figures, and too many words; it is too much of a chronology, and not sufficiently pictorial.—*An Easy Story Book for Little People*, by A. M. SERGEANT, is what it is termed. Some stories that convey pleasing information on natural history and other facts intelligible to children, are told in language a child can comprehend.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels in India and Kashmir. By the Baron ERICH VON SCHONBERG. With Notes. London: Hurst and Blackett.
Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley; with the Original Narratives of Marquette, Alloué, Membé, Hemepin, and Anastase Douay. By JOHN GILMARY SHEA. Redfield.
English Items, or Microscopic Views of England and Englishmen. By MATT. F. WARD, author of "Letters from Three Continents." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1853.
Twenty-seven Years in Canada West; or the Experience of an Early Settler. By Major STRICKLAND, C.M. London.
The Water Lily on the Danube; being a brief Account of the Perils of a Pair-Oar during a Voyage from Lambeth to Pesth. By the Author of "The Log of the Water Lily." Illustrated by one of the Crew.

In noticing Count de Castellane's work on Algeria we had occasion to complain of the omission to give any introductory information, by way of preface, of the author, who or what he is, of the origin of the work, and whether it was a translation, or originally written in English, and if the latter, how a Frenchman had learned to write our language so correctly and fluently.

Strange enough, the very same objections offer themselves in these *Travels in India*. No preface explains their origin, or deigns to tell the reader who the writer is, or what his authority is worth. Stranger still, we are not even informed when the

travels were undertaken. Here also we are at a loss to conjecture if we are reading a translation. This sort of mystification is not creditable to an author. When a man asks the world to accept certain facts on his authority, if he is a stranger, he is bound to give such an account of himself, and of his title to be a witness, as will enable the reader to form some judgment of his veracity, and of the extent of confidence to be placed in him. If, in the absence of all such assurances, there is a doubt in the public mind, the author cannot be surprised. He suffers the penalty of his own want of candour.

The matter of the volume is in itself sufficiently interesting. More minute descriptions are given of Kashmir and its inhabitants than we have found in any other of the many books upon the same subject; and, but for the defect noticed, this would have been a valuable contribution to the library of ethnology. We shall select as specimens some passages that have novelty. The following rivals the judgment of Solomon.

A SECOND SOLOMON.

A certain Mahomedan woman, of respectable family, resided at Peshawur at the time that General Avitabelli was governor of the place. This woman had a son and daughter. Both married, and the daughter and daughter-in-law gave birth, at the same time, to two children, one a boy, the other a girl. This circumstance gave a great deal of occupation to the mothers of the sick ladies. They were now become grandmothers, and many visits were exchanged in consequence of the important events that had occurred in their families. Some time had passed over, the young mothers were again in perfect health, when a serious dispute arose between them. The daughter's child was a girl, that of the daughter-in-law a boy. The former maintained that the boy was hers, and had been taken from her, and given to her sister-in-law. The woman accused of having stolen the boy denied the charge, and she was supported in her declaration by her husband's mother. The strife became serious, and the contending parties brought the affair before the judge. This magistrate, who was no Solomon, not being able to elicit the truth, dismissed the complainants. The latter were not satisfied, and appealed to the high court, in which General Avitabelli presided. The case was brought before him as he sat in the divan. Public curiosity was strained to the highest pitch, and each eagerly asked his neighbour: "How will the judge decide?" The statements upon both sides having been gone through, General Avitabelli ordered two goats to be brought, one having a male, the other a female kid. This being done, he sent for two sheep that had each a lamb, one a male, the other a female. In like manner, he commanded two cows to be brought, of which one had a male, the other a female calf. These different quadrupeds being introduced, he ordered that the goats, the sheep, and the cows should be milked, and the milk of each animal placed in a separate vessel, which should be marked. "Now," said the General, "let this milk be examined, and it will be found that that which belongs to the animals that have male young is stronger than the milk which has been taken from the others." Upon inspection, this was found to be correct. "Now," said the judge, "bring me some milk from the mothers of the children." The milk was brought, and General Avitabelli declared that the milk of the daughter was stronger than that of the daughter-in-law, and that, consequently, she must be the mother of the boy.

He gives a pleasing account of

THE PARSEES.

I must not close these pages without making mention of the Parsees of Bombay. They do not live in the city, and form within themselves a close confraternity. The time that I passed in the neighbourhood was too short to allow me to learn many particulars about them. I can only say that they are of a lighter complexion than the Hindoos, and most graceful in their movements. The women, especially, wrapped in their red shawls, present a very picturesque appearance; they are, besides, modest in their manners, and moral in their lives. The men are active and intelligent, and good men of business; those of the poorer class are excellent servants. There are some functions which they cannot discharge, their religious code forbidding them to kindle fires or extinguish lights. To evade the difficulty that this prohibition entails, they sometimes wrap the flame of the candle in a cloth, and effect by this contrivance what they dare not directly perform. My friends in Pareil allowed no opportunity to pass that could procure me amusement. In company with Captain d'Arcy and Mr. Erskine, I went to a soirée at the house of a rich Parsee. The evening passed most agreeably. The company consisted of English, as well as native ladies and gentlemen. The Parsee portion of the society excited my particular admiration. They exhibited all the ease and elegance of manner that one finds in the highest European circles, and the ladies were most attractive with their slender forms and delicately-moulded features. I cannot forbear mentioning the daughter of the house, who, if not

beautiful, was extremely fascinating. As far as personal beauty is concerned, a comparison between the English and native ladies must always be to the disadvantage of the latter; the beauty of the English being universally acknowledged, and their loveliness assumes a new and more interesting character in India. Their seclusion from sun and light in this warm climate gives to their complexions a delicacy and transparency, that lend to their whole appearance something so ethereal and refined as to place them beyond all rivalry. The English ladies whom I met at Calcutta were the most beautiful that I saw in India. I thought they looked more lovely during the rainy season, when their health must have been most delicate. To Europeans, the fair complexion will always appear the most beautiful. The nations that are black, brown, or yellow, will naturally admire persons of their own hue. It is said that when the natives of Africa wish to portray the devil, they paint him white. This I think very possible; their opinion of white-complexioned men cannot be very good; and the blacks, who through illness become pale, or whitish, present a hideous appearance. I have said that fair-complexioned beauties appear to us the most lovely, and in this respect the British ladies possess a vast superiority over all others. But neither are the Indian ladies devoid of charms. In them we find, in the highest degree, delicacy of form, beauty of feature, and perfect symmetry. Central Asia, the Caucasus, and Asia Minor, hide within their romantic forests, their wild and lovely valleys, many a beautiful being, who, however, does not bloom unprized, for real beauty never fails to win adorers.

And here we are introduced to the famous

GARDENS OF KASHMIR.

The boat is the house, the kitchen, the home of its master. In the morning he rows towards the city, sells the produce of his garden, and purchases what he may require: then rows his house here or there, as the sunshine or shade may invite. Thousands of people live here in this manner, and in Kashmir, as in Venice, almost all intercourse is carried on by water. The boats in which these people live are furnished with roofs of matting; a portion of the forepart is cut off for the use of the family, while the remainder is left open. The women understand the management of the oar, and it is they who generally row the boats to market.

For a notice of Mr. SHEA's very interesting narrative of the *Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi* we are indebted to the editor of our American contemporary, the *New York Literary World*. Of the early travellers in America the Jesuit missionaries were the most remarkable for their zeal, devotion, and enterprise; and foremost among them was Father Marquette.

Born of an eminent provincial family in France, the youth of Marquette, led by the direction of a pious mother, was given to the discipline of the Society of the Jesuits, which he entered at the age of seventeen. In his twenty-ninth year he sailed for Canada, then a promising field for missionary enterprise. Here he was employed in studying the Indian languages of the West, preparatory for his work, till in 1668 he embarked on the Ottawa, the great route in those days to the Hurons, Lake Superior, and the Illinois. He begins his missionary work at Sault Ste. Mary's, and is transferred the following year to the distant station on Lake Superior of La-pointe. A letter descriptive of his experiences at this point is as remarkable for its candour as its trust and hopefulness. Here the good father meditated geographical discovery in an overland journey to the Illinois on the south; but he was to reach the towns of this favourite people of his mission by another route. Turning back on the waters of the lake with his band of Hurons fleeing from the terrors of savage war, he establishes himself with them on the point of Mackinaw. The next incident of his career is his appointment with Joliet to visit the nations on the Mississippi river. In May 1673 he embarked in a canoe for Green Bay, ascended the Fox river, and reached the Mississippi by the Wisconsin, in a journey of one month from the waters of Lake Michigan. This was his famous voyage of discovery. He descended the river to the mouth of the Arkansas, fully establishing the southern course and outlet of the mighty stream of which there were such vague notions and ideas. He returned feeble in health to Green Bay, from which he again set out in 1674 for the establishment of the Illinois mission. It was in the middle of winter, his health was broken, and he was compelled to linger on the Chicago river. By prayer and fasting, and the energy of hope, he resumes his way, and reaches the Indian town of Kaskaskia in April. He turns homeward to his beloved Mackinaw, the home of his faithful flock, and traversing in a canoe the eastern waters of Michigan, pauses one day

utterly exhausted, at the mouth of a little river, and points out an eminence as the place of his burial. This was the scene of his heroic Christian death on the 18th May, 1675.

Looking now to his journey on the Mississippi, we find him thus narrating its early marvels:—

FATHER MARQUETTE'S MISSISSIPPI.

Here then we are on this renowned river, of which I have endeavoured to remark attentively all the peculiarities. The Mississippi river has its source in several lakes in the country of the nations to the north; it is narrow at the mouth of the Miskousing; its current, which runs south, is slow and gentle; on the right is a considerable chain of very high mountains, and on the left fine lands; it is in many places studded with islands. On sounding, we have found ten fathoms of water. Its breadth is very unequal: it is sometimes three quarters of a league, and sometimes narrows into three *carpents* (220 yards.) We gently follow its course, which bears south and south-east till the forty-second degree. Here we perceive that the whole face is changed; there is now almost no wood or mountain, the islands are more beautiful and covered with finer trees; we see nothing but deer and moose, bustards and wingless swans, for they shed their plumes in this country. From time to time we meet monstrous fish, one of which struck so violently against our canoe, that I took it for a large tree about to knock us to pieces. Another time we perceived on the water a monster with the head of a tiger, a pointed snout like a wild cat's, a beard and ears erect, a grayish head, and neck all black. We saw no more of them. On casting our nets, we have taken sturgeon and a very extraordinary kind of fish; it resembles a trout with this difference, that it has a larger mouth, but smaller eyes and snout. Near the latter is a large bone, like a woman's busk, three fingers wide, and a cubit long; the end is circular and as wide as the hand. In leaping out of the water the weight of this often throws it back.

This was on the Upper Mississippi. His party has presently a noble reception from the Iroquois, to whom they turned aside on the left bank of the river.

COURTESIES OF SAVAGES.

At last, on the 25th of June, we perceived foot-prints of men by the water-side, and a beaten path entering a beautiful prairie. We stopped to examine it, and concluding that it was a path leading to some Indian village, we resolved to go and reconnoitre; we accordingly left our two canoes in charge of our people, cautioning them strictly to beware of a surprise; then M. Joliet and I undertook this rather hazardous discovery for two single men, who thus put themselves at the discretion of an unknown and barbarous people. . . . At the door of the cabin in which we were to be received, was an old man awaiting us in a very remarkable posture; which is their usual ceremony in receiving strangers. This man was standing, perfectly naked, with his hands stretched out and raised towards the sun, as if he wished to screen himself from its rays, which nevertheless passed through his fingers to his face. When we came near him, he paid us this compliment: "How beautiful is the sun, oh Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace." He then took us into his, where there was a crowd of people, who devoured us with their eyes, but kept a profound silence. We heard, however, these words occasionally addressed to us: "Well done, brothers, to visit us!" As soon as we had taken our places, they showed us the usual civility of the country, which is to present the calumet. You must not refuse it, unless you would pass for an enemy, or at least for being impolite. It is, however, enough to pretend to smoke. While all the old men smoked after us to honour us, some came to invite us on behalf of the great sachem of all the Illinois to proceed to his town, where he wished to hold a council with us. We went with a good retinue, for all the people who had never seen a Frenchman among them could not tire looking at us; they threw themselves on the grass by the wayside, they ran ahead, then turned and walked back to see us again. All this was done without noise, and with marks of a great respect entertained for us.

When I had finished my speech the sachem rose, and laying his hand on the head of a little slave, whom he was about to give us, spoke thus: "I thank thee, Blackgown, and thee, Frenchman," addressing M. Joliet, "for taking so much pains to come and visit us; never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as to-day; never has our river been so calm, nor so free from rocks, which your canoes have removed as they passed; never has our tobacco had so fine a flavour, nor our corn appeared so beautiful as we behold it to-day. Here is my son, that I give thee, that thou mayst know my heart. I pray thee to take pity on me and all my nation. Thou knowest the Great Spirit who has made us all; thou speakest to him and hearest his word: ask him to give me life and health, and come and dwell with us, that we may know him." Saying this, he placed the little slave near us, and made us a second present, an all-mysterious calumet, which they value more than a slave; by this present he showed us his esteem for our governor, after the

account we had given him; by the third, he begged us, on behalf of his whole nation, not to proceed further, on account of the great dangers to which we exposed ourselves. I replied that I did not fear death, and that I esteemed no happiness greater than that of losing my life for the glory of him who made all. But this these poor people could not understand. The council was followed by a great feast, which consisted of four courses, which we had to take with all their ways; the first course was a great wooden dish full of sagamity, that is to say, of Indian meal boiled in water and seasoned with grease. The master of ceremonies, with a spoonful of sagamity, presented it three or four times to my mouth, as we would with a little child; he did the same to M. Jolivet. For the second course, he brought in a second dish containing three fish; he took some pains to remove the bones, and having blown upon it to cool it, put it in my mouth, as we would food to a bird; for the third course, they produced a large dog, which they had just killed, but learning that we did not eat it, it was withdrawn. Finally, the fourth course was a piece of wild ox, the fattest portions of which were put into our mouths. After this feast we had to visit the whole village, which consists of full three hundred cabins. While we marched through the streets, an orator was constantly haranguing, to oblige all to see us without being troublesome; we were everywhere presented with belts, garters, and other articles made of the hair of the bear and wild cattle, dyed red, yellow, and grey. These are their rarities; but not being of consequence, we did not burden ourselves with them. We slept in the sachem's cabin, and the next day took leave of him, promising to pass back through his town in four moons. He escorted us to our canoes with nearly six hundred persons, who saw us embark, evincing in every possible way the pleasure our visit had given them. On taking leave, I personally promised I would return the next year to stay with them and instruct them.

Mr. MATTHEW WARD has written his *English Items* as a sort of set-off against Dickens's *American Notes*, and with the memory of Mrs. Trollope ranking in his mind. He purposely picks out the follies and faults of England and the English, and describes them with some humour, but also with no small amount of ill-temper. We cannot say that the retort is altogether undeserved; and it will do us good sometimes to have our weak sides exposed a little to our own gaze; it will teach us not so readily to discover the beams in the eyes of our neighbours. We take one passage that, unfortunately, has too much truth for its foundation.

A SCENE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The accumulated expectations pent up since his boyhood become oppressive by delay, and the visitor grows warm and fidgety in his anxiety to be admitted to the holier places of the church. This intensely vivified excitement never becomes dangerous, however, as, by a charitably considerate arrangement of the English Government, it is always allowed ample time to cool. The numerous gentlemen in black, whom the Government compels the old church to pay for so shabbily doing its honours, being of sedentary habits and a literary turn of mind, are unwilling to be interrupted to convey a single visitor through the interior chapels. It requires a party of seven curious individuals, each one provided with a talisman in the shape of a sixpence, to interrupt the comfortable repose of a pious official. And as most people have ceased to consider a show, composed of mouldy monuments and tattered flags, a very lively one, even when it happens to be a *great bargain*, a stranger will usually incur the risk of remaining some time in the antechamber. During the painful period of his probation, he is subjected to the impositions of another class of hucksters. Watching with the liveliest interest the various stages of his impatience, they rapidly advance upon him from every nook and corner the instant they perceive him arrived at the extreme point of desperation. With unblushing assurance they poke at the bewildered gentleman descriptions of the Abbey, plans of the building, pictures of the monuments, and armfuls of other plausible stuff, which they feel very confident he has not the courage in his exhausted condition to refuse. Of course he buys everything without much examining the contents; for in his melancholy frame of mind the advertisements of the *Times* a week old would prove a refreshing literary treat. At length, however, the mystical number of seven is made up. The stately keeper slowly rises, unlocks the door, passes us in one by one, that being the most convenient mode of collecting the sixpences, enters himself, and then turns the key. An extraordinary metamorphosis instantly occurs. Our guide assumes an alacrity quite startling, when contrasted with his former torpidity. The man appears to be worked by steam. In his mumbled routine of names, dates, and nonsense, the only distinguishable feature is its haste. He rushes us through chapels, over monuments, and along aisles, without ever pausing for breath till he has put us out at a gate on the other side, with the satisfied sigh of a man who has just accomplished a very irksome task. This is a visit to Westminster!

This it is to hold communion with the illustrious dead! This is the intellectual enjoyment which the English Government have considered too delicious to offer to the public gratis.

Major STRICKLAND emigrated to Canada in 1825. His experiences of the twenty-seven years that have since elapsed are detailed in these volumes; and he is now enabled to compare the present condition of the country with what it was when he first made acquaintance with it, and thus to measure its marvellous progress in population, in wealth, in liberty, and happiness. During that period he three times endured the labours, perils, anxieties, and also the pleasures, of a settler in the backwoods; for thrice he cleared farms and sold them to advantage. The Major writes in plain soldierly style, without affectation or effort; but this is best shown by two or three extracts. Here is an account of

A BEE.

Soon after my arrival at Darlington, one of my neighbours residing on the lake-shore invited me to a mowing and cradling "bee." As I had never seen anything of the kind, I accepted the invitation. On my arrival at the farm on the appointed day I found assembled about forty men and boys. A man with a pail of spring-water, with a wooden cup floating on the surface in one hand, and a bottle of whisky and a glass in the other, now approached the swarm, every one helping himself as he pleased. This man is the most important personage at the bee, and is known by the appellation of the "grog-bos." On this occasion his office was anything but a sinecure. The heat of the weather, I suppose, had made our party very thirsty. There were thirty-five bees cutting hay, among whom I was a rather awkward volunteer, and ten cradlers employed in cutting rye. At eleven o'clock cakes and pailfuls of tea were served round. At one we were summoned, by the sound of a tin bugle, to dinner, which we found laid out in the barn. Some long pine-boards resting on tressels served for a table, which almost groaned with the good things of this earth, in the shape of roast lamb and green peas, roast sucking-pig, shoulder of mutton, apple-sauce, and pies, puddings, and preserves in abundance, with plenty of beer and Canadian whisky. Our bees proved so industrious, that before six o'clock all Mr. Burke's hay and rye were finished cutting. Supper was then served on the same scale of profusion, with the addition of tea. After supper a variety of games and gymnastics were introduced, various trials of strength, wrestling, running, jumping, putting the stone, throwing the hammer, &c. About nine o'clock our party broke up, and returned to their respective homes, well pleased with their day's entertainment, leaving their host perfectly satisfied with their voluntary labour. One word about bees and their attendant frolic. I confess I do not like the system. I acknowledge that in raising a log-house or barn it is absolutely necessary, especially in the bush; but the general practice is bad. Some people can do nothing without a bee; and as the work has to be returned in the same manner, it causes a continual round of dissipation, if not of something worse. I have known several cases of manslaughter arising out of quarrels produced by intoxication at these everyday gatherings. As population increases and labour becomes cheaper, of course there will be less occasion for them.

Here is an affecting anecdote of the

TOOLS OF A SETTLER'S WIFE.

When I left Guelph, I had arranged with my wife that as soon as I could get the new house ready I would send for her. I did not think that this could possibly be done before sleighing-time, as the newly-cut road was almost impassable for waggons. Judge, then, of my surprise, when on returning home from the storehouse one day, I noticed the door of my log-cabin open, and saw a lovely curly-headed child sitting in the doorway. I could hardly believe my eyes—it was my own little Maria. My dear little boy had remained at Douro with my wife's sister Eliza, of whom he was so fond that my wife did not like to separate such friends from each other. On my entrance I found my wife surrounded by a pile of luggage, laughing heartily at my astonishment. She told me she felt so lonely that she determined to brave all the dangers of the road in order to join me. Accordingly she hired a settler who was the owner of a wagon and a yoke of oxen, which she loaded with the most useful articles we required, bedding and bed-clothes, &c. reserving room in the wagon for herself, the child, and nurse-maid. During the whole of the first day's journey and part of the next, all went on smoothly enough, their route lying through settlements; but as soon as they entered the newly-cut road their difficulties commenced, and before they had traversed five miles the wagon was twice upset. This so alarmed my poor wife, on account of the baby, that she durst not ride another step of the way, although the travellers had still upwards of sixty miles to go. Moreover she was obliged to carry the child the entire distance; for the teamster had enough to do to look after and guide his cattle, and the servant-girl was too young and too tired to render much

assistance. Fifteen miles a day was the outside distance they could persuade the oxen to travel; consequently, they were compelled to camp out two nights out of the six in which they were on the road. Luckily, the weather was dry and warm. At night the mosquitoes were dreadfully annoying, as my poor little Maria's neck and arms too plainly show. During the afternoon of the second day, when within six miles of Trifogle's tavern, their intended resting-place for the night, they were overtaken by a man who was going in the same direction, who very politely—as my wife thought—offered to carry her baby part of the way. She was, of course, very glad to avail herself of his kind offer; nor did she perceive, till after he had got possession of the bairn, that he was intoxicated. She immediately demanded back her little treasure; but no inducement could persuade him to relinquish it, and he set off with the infant as fast as he could. In vain the poor mother besought him to stop—in vain she sobbed and cried. On he went, followed by my Mary, who found great difficulty in keeping up with him, which she did at first; till at length, exhausted by the unusual fatigue, maternal anxiety, and the roughness of the road, she lost sight of him when about a mile from the tavern. He had walked off with his little burden. She was now dreadfully alarmed, for night was fast coming on, and she did not know whether she was on the right track or not. Fortunately a light through the trees extricated her from this dilemma: her only uneasiness was now for her child. She was soon, however, relieved from this uncertainty; for, on entering the house, there sat the man with the baby on his knee. The child appeared to be on very friendly terms with him, and had, no doubt, enjoyed herself amazingly while her bearer was running away with her. He at once restored the child to her mother's arms; observing, "that he hoped she would give him the price of a quart of whisky for his trouble, for the child was main heavy, God bless her!" My wife, of course, did not dispute the payment."

Some of the same party who, in the summer of 1851, astonished the banks of the Rhine by their appearance in an English wherry, rowed by themselves, and of which a short narrative was afterwards published by one of the crew, under the title of *The Log of the Water Lily*, in the autumn of last year undertook a similar excursion upon the Danube, which proved equally pleasant to the voyagers and equally a subject of wonder for the villagers and townsmen upon the banks of that noble river. But on this occasion they did not make so grand an appearance as on the former one; for they breasted the Rhine with a four-oared gig—they cleft the Danube in a two-oared boat. They embarked at Kelheim, and pulled down the stream to Pesth; not very laborious work, we should think, for the current is very swift. Their adventures, however, were amusing, they rested at some of the most out-of-the-way places, such as

DIETFORT.

The lock-keeper, who had been one of the Bavarian volunteers under King Otho in Greece, offered to carry our luggage to the best inn in the place, which he told us "was a very bad town, inhabited only by old peasants." It was certainly not a very imposing city, nor was the public to which our guide directed us particularly inviting. However, it was the best in the place; in which I believe no foreigner ever before set his foot. On the appearance of Boniface, a fat little man with winking eyes, and a skull-cap on his head, and who combined in his own dignified person the functions of landlord, waiter, cook, chambermaid, and boots, we inquired what we could have to eat? to which he laconically replied, "Nothing." However, we ultimately managed to procure some pancakes, bread, cheese, butter, cucumbers, and milk. Our beds were made up for us in the "Saal," which, in these out-of-the-way caravanseries, seems generally to be considered the chamber of honour. In the morning our plump little host paid us a visit in our room, for no ostensible purpose, unless it was to see how we got through the mysteries of the toilet. We asked him from what part of the world he thought we had come; he said Nuremberg, which place he probably considered to be at the extreme limit of the civilised world. We told him that we were from Russia; to which he grinned acquiescence, as he most likely would have done, had we told him that we were from Patagonia, or the North Pole. Smith, happening to have a tooth-brush in his hand, showed it to the little man, and asked him if he had ever seen such an instrument before, or knew its use; which soft impeachment he repudiated; and, on learning that it was a newly-invented instrument for coaxing corks out of bottles, he observed, with the air of a connoisseur: "Sehr zweckmässig." Our bill at this remarkable establishment for dinners, beds, and breakfasts, amounted in all to the sum of one shilling and fivepence a head. We were here on a Sunday, and the costumes were most curious, those of the men, for the most part, similar to those at Gösweinstein; but the disguise of the ladies was very peculiar: they wore gowns very short in the waist, with the sleeves wadded out to an enormous size, making their

shoulders about three feet across, and rendering it impossible for them to put their arms down to their sides; the boys had similar sleeves, enormous beaver hats, and knee-breeches, and were altogether the most extraordinary looking little beings it is possible to conceive.

See them now

AT RATISBON.

We never knew what heroes we were till we arrived at Ratisbon; dropping down the river in a pair-oar is certainly an easy way of gaining immortality; but here we found out that we had crossed the Channel and pulled up the Rhine and Main in our boat, that we intended to go down the Danube to the Black Sea in her, and then to return by the Mediterranean, the Straits of Gibraltar, and the Bay of Biscay. It appeared that the newspapers had been singing about us to this tune for some time, but we had heard nothing of it before. We had hard work to contradict all these reports, and quite without effect, for we found that they went the round of the Continent, and were even published in the English papers. Rowing, or any kind of exercise or enterprise, which is not directly lucrative, is so utterly incomprehensible to the Teutonic mind, and the idea of any one's venturing on the Danube without a regular pilot or in anything less than a steamer, is considered so wildly rash (so many of the natives having never seen the sea), that I verily believe they did not think it the least unlikely (now that they saw us really on the Danube) that we had passed the Channel; nor that any boat or crew that would brave the terrific dangers of the Strudel and Wirbel, would hesitate for an instant in crossing the Bay of Biscay! and when they discovered that the marvellous boat was built of mahogany, and that none of the crew had ever set eyes on the Danube before, thousands flocked down to the bridge and banks of the river, to see us meet with the punishment due to our presumption, in the breakers below the bridge. But I fear that we disappointed them sadly. Having previously examined the spot, we found that the arches of the bridge nearest to the left bank were separated from the others by a dam of masonry, which runs obliquely up stream for some distance to a mill; to this breakwater we pulled, and hoisting our boat over it, launched her again in the calm water below.

And again—

AT RIENENBERG.

We stopped for a short time at Rienenburg; and Smith went out with the basket to collect provender. At the inn to which he directed his steps, the landlord was very curious to know how the flannel apparition before him had arrived in those parts. After Smith had, at great expense, explained to him all about it, he said, "I suppose you are freighted with coffee and sugar, nicht wahr?" When Smith left the inn with his booty, he found the streets, which were tolerably lively as he had passed through before, absolutely deserted; but when he came to the river the phenomenon was explained: every individual had poured down to the bank to see the Britishers' mahogany boat; and some of them, with whom we entered into conversation, laughed us to scorn when we said that we were going down the Danube in her. When we started, a regular scramble took place along the side, like the rush at the boat-races at Oxford. However, we were not long in tailing them off: but one young lady kept up for such a time that we thought she would like to come with us; so we stopped and proposed to take her in; but without effect.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Harry Muir; a Story of Scottish Life. By the Author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland," &c. In 3 vols. London: Hurst & Co.

Amabel; or, the Victory of Love. By MARY ELIZABETH WORMELEY. In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Miles Tremenhere. By ANNETTE MARIE MAILLARD, Author of "Zingra the Gipsy." In 2 vols. London: Routledge.

WE must commence with an apology which is really due from us to Mr. James, and his publisher, Mr. Newby, for an error into which we fell when noticing his last new novel, entitled *Agnes Sorel*. The writer of the article had never seen or heard of either of the three works of which Mr. James was, upon the title-page, stated to be the author, although it appears that one of them had been, some year or two since, reviewed by another contributor in the columns of THE CRITIC. As Mr. James had always been accustomed to describe himself (as is the fashion with authors) as the author of *Richelieu*, or some other of his more famous productions, and not of those scarcely known to the public—so little known, indeed, that an experienced journalist was not aware of their existence—the writer of the notice in question too hastily jumped to the conclusion

that the work thus introduced was not by the veritable Mr. James, but by some other person of the same name—a device by no means uncommon in the literary world, and of which we have seen even lately some remarkable instances; and under this erroneous impression he made some remarks which would have been properly called for had his surmise been a true one. But it turns out that he was wrong in the fact. Mr. Newby has given his assurance that the novel in question is the production of the famous Mr. James, and that if the author had been in England he would instantly have so informed us. However, no such further proof is needed. We are quite satisfied with Mr. Newby's statement that we were wrong; and, being wrong, we do not hesitate to apologise to him and to Mr. James for any expressions we may have used in that erroneous belief which may have given pain or annoyance to either or both of them.

And now, our duty done in this, we proceed to notice another pile of new novels that has collected upon our table. The first we open is *Harry Muir*, by an authoress who made a sensation by her first tale of middle-class Scottish life, and who has rapidly followed up her first triumph by other ventures, which have not been quite so successful. We very much fear, indeed, that she is falling into that most fatal error of authors who have made a hit at the beginning; she is too eager to publish, and therefore writes too fast. Even a novel cannot be safely improvised. It requires deliberation for the structure of the plot, reflection for the designing of character, care in the composition, and patient labour in the revision after it is written. It has been said, and most truly, that no book should be printed until after it has been in the author's drawer for a twelvemonth, and then it should be read slowly, pen in hand, with a firm resolve unhesitatingly to expunge every needless sentence and word, and to repair whatever may be found faulty or weak. Now the authoress under review has less need of such revision than most of our novelists, for her style is naturally terse and vigorous; but three volumes are not composed in the same mood of the mind; there are times when the imagination flags, when words won't come easily, when the thoughts are unable to flow; and then the composition is weak, wordy, and flat. It is to expunge or alter such as these that the time of rest is required; and if our authoress had availed herself of such a period of repose, *Harry Muir* would have been better than it is. But the fault is not hers alone; she shares it with most of her rivals; only that in her case we lament it more because she has more substantial worth than most of them.

Harry Muir, like its predecessor, is a story of middle-class life in Scotland. It is writ with a moral purpose, to show how perseverance, and self-denial, and trust in God, will enable us to conquer difficulties, and out of the depths of depression and sorrow to lift us up to hope and happiness and prosperity. And not only so, but how one such resolute will can inspire others with something of its own energies, and convert even a backward, prejudiced, and immoral community into a thriving and hopeful one: how also we may be too impatient even to do good, and mar our own designs by advancing too fast. Such are the lessons taught by the life of *Harry Muir*, an enterprising and generous man, more a friend to others than to himself, who undertook to improve the village of Maidlin by model cottages and farming, but without sufficient regard to his own means; who thus involves himself in difficulties, from which Martha's energy emancipates him at last, but not in time for his enjoyment. The following passage is a specimen of the composition, and gives a tempting hint of the story, which we will not further develop, for we recommend every reader to gather it from the novel itself:—

That night, standing on the turret, Martha looks out upon the lands of Allenders—the lands which her own labour has cleared of every overpowering burden, and which the same vigorous and unwearied faculties shall clear yet of every incumbrance, if it please God. The moonlight glimmers over the slumbering village of Maidlin—over the pretty houses of poor Harry's impatient fancy, where Harry's labourers now dwell peacefully, and know that their improved condition was the will and purpose of the kindly-remembered dead. And the little spire of Maidlin Church shoots up into the sky, guarding the rest of him whose memory no man dares malign—whose name has come to honour and sweet fame since it shone upon that tablet in the wall, and not one wish or passing project of whose mind, which

ever gained expression in words, remains without fulfilment, or without endeavour and settled purpose to fulfil. And Martha's thoughts turn back—back to her own ambitious youth, and its bitter disappointment—back to the beautiful dawn of Harry's life—to its blight, and to its end. And this grand resurrection of her buried hopes brings tears to Martha's eyes, and humility to her full and swelling heart. God, whose good pleasure it once was to put the bar of utter powerlessness upon her ambition, has at last given her to look upon the work of her hands—God, who did not hear, according to her dimmed apprehension, those terrible prayers for Harry which once wrung her very heart,—gave her to see him pass away with peace and hope at the end, and has permitted her, her so greedy of good fame and honour, to clear and redress his sullied name. And now has been bestowed on Martha this child—this child, before whom lies a gentle glory, sweet to win—a gracious, womanly, beautiful triumph, almost worthy of an angel; and the angels know the dumb, unspeakable humility of thanksgiving which swells in Martha's heart. So to all despairs, agonies, little-nesses of the strong heart which once stormed through them all, but which God has chastened, exercised, at length blessed, comes this end. Harvest and seed-time in one combination—hopes realised, and hopes to come; and all her children under this quiet roof, sleeping the sleep of calm, untroubled rest—all giving thanks evening and morning for fair days sent to them out of the heavens, and sorrow charmed into sweet repose, and danger kept away. But though Martha's eyes are blind with tears, and her heart calls upon Harry—Harry, safe in the strong hand of the Father, where temptations and sorrow can reach him never more—the same heart rises up in the great strength of joy and faith, and blesteth God, who knoweth the beginning from the end—who maketh His highway through the flood and the flame—His highway still, terrible though it be—who conducts into the pleasant places, and refreshes the failing heart with hope; and the sleep which he gives to his beloved, fell sweet and deep that night upon the wearied heart of Martha Muir.

Amabel is remarkably well written, but somewhat lacking interest in the story, the *Victory of Love* being nothing more than a picture, powerfully drawn, of patient resignation and faithful discharge of difficult duties by a wife who had been separated from her husband, partly from incompatibility of temper, partly from her own imprudence in giving him cause for jealousy by her manner, though without any guilt in fact, and who by this course of conduct regains her sway over his heart and lives happy with him ever after. But it is not for the plot or the development of character that *Amabel* will be read and enjoyed. The attractions lie in the manner of telling the story, and in the shrewd remarks, bits of vivid descriptions, touches of poetry, and almost sententious wit with which the pages abound. Miss Wormeley manifestly possesses ability of a very high order. She has seen much, observed much, and thought much. She writes from a full mind, and, having really something to say on every subject that accidentally presents itself, the reader is pleased with the intelligent treatment of it, and reads on for the sake of the writing. The authoress is moreover uncommonly well versed in foreign society and manners, and therefore does not caricature them like so many of our novelists, who will lay the scene of their plots in Paris, Brussels, at a German Spa, or in Italy, painting from the imperfect knowledge picked up during a few week's residence in the season. Miss Wormeley exhibits marked excellence also in another department of fiction: she maintains her dialogues with extraordinary spirit; they are essentially dramatic in their tone and structure. Some of the most interesting scenes with which the story is studded occur at sea, with which the authoress appears to be well acquainted, for she seems to write of naval matters as if she was describing what she had actually seen and known, and not as a person who merely retails what he has read. In these latter there is usually a manifest absence of the completeness of detail necessary to give the impression of truthfulness. But there is movement and nature in the glimpses of "life on the ocean wave" given in these pages, as if the writer was depicting what she had actually beheld; and her knowledge of nautical phrase is such as we have never before found in any work produced by the pen of a lady.

Being such, *Amabel* is another of the novels of the season which we can recommend, even to those who are compelled to make a choice. It is one of the best of the many lately published. We heartily welcome to the ranks of literature an accession so full of promise as Miss Wormeley.

Miles Tremenhere is the story of an artist, who married, while yet a poor man, a very beautiful girl, as poor as himself, and then how they were

tempted, tried, suffered, and, after the usual amount of difficulties, dangers, and misunderstanding, became happy and prosperous at last. The narrative is agreeably written, with no affectation of any kind; the characters are well conceived and sustained; and in description and dialogue Miss Maillard quite equals the average ability of the novelists of the season. Many of the more pretending novels at thrice the price of this are its inferior in true worth.

Herbert Anneslie: A Reminiscence, by Mr. F. CRAVEN FOWLER (Saunders and Otley) is a tale of average merit, the best portion of it being a very vivid description of the trial and conviction of one who—but we will not anticipate the story. The plot is like the majority of plots, made out of very old materials, and the characters are to be found in fifty other novels. But then there is a multitude of readers who have not read through the circulating libraries, nor reviewed the fictions of the last ten years; and to them that which is stale to us will have the gloss of novelty. To such we can commend *Herbert Anneslie*, which is well written and points a wholesome moral. —The new volume (the 11th) of the *Standard Library Edition of the Waverley Novels* (Black and Co.) contains *The Abbot*, printed in a bold handsome type, on the best paper, and illustrated by an exquisite portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. —The new part of "Reading for Travellers" contains a pretty little story entitled *The Village Doctor*, by the Countess D'ARBOVILLE, translated by Lady DUFF GORDON. —Ingram and Co. have added to the "Illustrated Library" a neat translation of EMILIE CARLEN'S *Marie Louise; or, the Opposite Neighbours*. The tale is just such an one as the authoress excels in composing, the actual life of everyday people. It is deeply interesting, and no person who begins it will fail to read it through. It is profusely illustrated.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Plaint of Freedom. 1852.

THIS "Plaint" bears no author's and no publisher's name; why, we know not, since it has a meaning and a manner of its own, which the majority of modern poems have not. It is dedicated "to the memory of Milton," a word dear to freedom, and hateful to tyranny. We take this dedication as an evidence of earnestness; or if the poet has lightly invoked a great and sacred name, then not to his book nor to him should we look as to a saviour of human progress. But there are palpable examples in the sharpness, boldness, and enthusiastic rush of the poems to show that the author is in earnest; that he has thrown his headlong force on the iron front of the world's oppressors; and that in the holy cause of freedom he would not hesitate to stand, to use Alexander Smith's terrific phrase,

Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire.

This, and more than this, the poems indicate, and we see no reason to assert that their strong utterances are wholly unneeded. At a moment when the old tyrannies of Europe are contending with unprecedented recklessness against the growth of freedom, the names of Hampden, Cromwell, Milton, Vane, Sydney, Russell, cannot be blazoned before brave hearts and ardent intellects without adding to the sum of bravery and ardour just now so much needed. Over these names, and such as these, the energetic Muse sings her pæans, and by them she would arouse, excite, and shake off the lethargy of thoughtless men. All readers will not go the radical length of these poems; all readers will not dare to awaken physical antagonism, which in certain conditions and uses our author appears to think as sacred as man's soul. But, admitting that the premises are open to controversy, yet the poems, as poems, are beyond doubt individual. They are severe, abrupt, angular; but he must indeed be blind who cannot see genius bursting through their hard crust, and illumining like a blazing sun the mere rhythmical surface. It is because the utterances of these poems are spontaneous and unchecked that they possess a kind of natural majesty—a sort of wild grandeur sweeping through the themes like waves dashing on a rocky shore. The first extract we shall present will give a key to the entire stanzas which follow, and show the style of the author, as well as the thoughts which agitate his patriotic breast.

Revolt his storm-flag hath unfurled,
And New and Old (like giant foes
Who, tired of distant thunderings, close)
With desperate grappleings shake the world.
And thunder-voices rend the air,—
For God and Right, for Elder Wrong:

The clangour of the battle-song
Flung heavenward in the lightning's glare.
And change leaps like a springtide o'er
The landmarks of the ancient sway:
The fierce waves hunger for their prey;
And monarchs tremble at their roar.
Their echoes break upon our coast—
The Isle that Freedom loved so well—
But stir not Freedom's sentinel,
Asleep on his neglect-d post.
The watchman sleepeth, and the fire
Of Freedom dwindles at his side,—
The beacon, in old days espied
By furthest lands, will soon expire.

This is merely a picture of the author's fears, not a national fact. We deny that the sentinel is asleep on his neglected post; and, even if he is, the context is not absolutely conclusive. We observe no political or social sign to indicate that the fire of freedom "will soon expire." Giants repose, like dwarfs; and if England is now passive, she is reposing, giant-like, on her own right arm. Ask Louis Napoleon, in reply to our press, who have fearlessly denounced his absolutism, if he will say that the fire of our freedom is dying out. Will the Grand Duke of Tuscany say so? or the unfortunate refugees who walk unmolested through the streets of our vast metropolis? But our business is not with politics, but with an author whose natural courage is overshadowed with un-English fears. The cry of invasion has so startled the fancies of this unknown yet strong writer, that he sees this "sea-girt isle" one huge foreign camp. What excess does he hint, what activity would he rouse out of his apprehensions, when he thus invokes the powers of his country?

What waitest thou? Till Cossack feet
Spur thy slow courage; till the war—
Our sires had led to Trafalgar—
Back desperately from street to street?
Till London crouches to its doom:
When strangers, stepping through our walls,
Chant French *Te Deums* in St. Paul's,
And pile their arms on Nelson's tomb?

But enough of this, which rather denotes mental excitement than poetic beauty. We gladly turn to the higher qualifications of the poet. There is fire, boldness, and concentration in the following stanzas on

SIR JOHN ELIOT.

As one who climbs from stair to stair,
For narrow is the way and steep,
Until he treads the topmost keep
And plants his victor-standard there,
So boldness steps from age to age,
Built, Titan-like, hill crowning hill,
And stands, and with o'ertowering will,
Throws into Heaven a champion's gage.
So clomb the dawn ere day began;
So Eliot reacheth to his power,
Proclaiming thence with herald power
The coming Monarchy of Man.
Brave prisoner? Quail, thou crowned lie!
Before that proudly wasted face;
The firm lips asking but one grace,
"A little air," for strength to die!

Again, this little poem on Milton vividly expresses the man so serenely great, yet so sternly independent.

MILTON.

For he was of perfection's mould,
The best-beloved of Freedom's seed,
Her councillor in depth of need,
Or standing on the steps of gold.
And day by day his course he kept
Within the bounds of virtuous aim;
No razor-bridge o'er gulfs of flame,
But the broad path where honour slept.
Life's topmost heights he firmly trod,
As grandly journey'd through "the mean;"
Defeat bow'd to his front serene,
His worn eyes ne'er lost sight of God.
And therefore Freedom did entrust
To his sure hand her two-edged blade,
Which slays who wrongly ask its aid,
And only serves the pure and just.

There is a happy mingling of modesty and confidence in the manner this incognito (yet, why incognito?) writer closes a book which in its intensity is quite refreshing amid the soulless trash misnamed poetry which lies on our table.

The leaf hath fall'n, the pool is stirr'd;
Spread, ye slow circles, far and wide,
And reach the shore on every side.
So falleth my unnoticed word.
None answer: yet by that lone voice
The waves of air are moved, to be
Moved yet again, eternally.
Dying unheeded I rejoice.
Long grasses hide a nameless stone;
The poorest grass-root hath its seeds;
What care though Triumph's growth proceeds
From vile remains of one unknown.
Thou, God! art living. At thy side
Truth sits, serenely waiting till
The glass of Destiny shall fill,
And Victory mount to claim his bride.

A VERY beautiful edition of *Young's Night Thoughts* has just been published by Messrs. Tegg. The typography is good, the size is convenient, and it is adorned with many engravings, adapting it for an elegant and acceptable gift-book, or school-prize, as well as for the library. —INGRAM and Co. have added to their "Illustrated Library" the *Odyssey*, translated by POPE, with engravings of the complete series of Flaxman's illustrative designs. It is a superb volume for the drawing-room table as well as for the study. —*Virginalia* is the affected title of a volume containing some really good poetry by T. H. CHIVERS, M.D., which has been sent to us from America. The poet has good stuff in him, and with cultivation and care may attain to eminence. We shall gather some of them for our collection of *Beautiful Poetry*. —*Musings of a Spirit*, by GEORGE MARSLAND, manifests improvement. The author is more simple and less mystical than formerly. The minor poems at the end of the volume would have been better if in rhyme. Stanzas unrhymed are scarcely permissible in poetry. —*Songs of the Future*, by WILLIAM LEASK, are almost poetry—far better than nine-tenths of the stuff called poetry that is sent to us for review. They have no positive faults either of thought or composition, and only fail because they contain nought of originality. The ideas are not new, nor are the thoughts other than such as would occur to any intelligent mind. But poetry, properly so called, is something more than this. It is the expression of ideas which the reader feels to be different from any he has known before. It does not consist in metre and rhyme, or Mr. Leask would be a first-rate poet; and this is the mistake so commonly made, and by which so many deceive themselves into a belief that because they write smooth verses they are writing poetry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CRITICS OF THE AGE.

HAZLITT AND HALLAM.

Spirit of the Age. By W. HAZLITT.
Literary Essays and Characters selected from the Introduction to the Literature of Europe. By HENRY HALLAM.

WE have chosen the above two names as representing two opposite styles of criticism—the impulsive and the mechanical—or, otherwise, the genial and the learned. In speaking of HAZLITT, we have nothing to do with him as a man, a politician, or a historian, but simply as a critic; and, in speaking of Hallam, we have nothing to do with him as a historian, but solely as the writer of those literary criticisms which have recently been collected into a separate publication.

William Hazlitt was brutally abused while alive, and has been but partially appreciated since his death. Indeed, in many quarters he seems entirely forgotten. Sacrificing, as he did, popular applause for posthumous fame, he seems to have lost both—like the dog in the fable, shadow and substance seem alike to have given him the slip. Our proud Quarterlies, while showering praise on the misty nothings which often now abuse the name of scientific or philosophic criticism—those compounds of natural and acquired dullness which disguise themselves under German terminology, and are deemed profound—seldom name, or coldly underrate, the glowingly acute, and gorgeously clear, and dazzlingly deep criticisms of poor Hazlitt.

Harry Cockburn thinks him ineffably inferior to Lord Jeffrey, who is, it seems, the "first of British critics." Macaulay first steals from Hazlitt, and then puffs Hallam. Bulwer and Talfourd have done him justice; but rather—especially Bulwer—in a patronising way. Horne did his best to imitate him, and paid back the pilferings in praise. But De Quincey and one or two more seem alone aware of the fact that no thinker of such rich seminal mind—of such genuine originality, insight, and enthusiasm, has been ever so neglected or outraged as the author of *The Spirit of the Age*.

Hazlitt was, in many respects, the most natural of critics. He was born to criticise, not in a small and captious way, but as a just, generous, although stern and rigorous, judge. Nature had denied him great constructive, or dramatic, or synthetic power, the power of the highest kind of poet or philosopher. But he possessed that mixture in proper proportions of the acute and the imaginative, the profound and the brilliant, the cool and the enthusiastic, which goes to constitute the true critic. Hence his criticism is a fine compound—pleasing, on the one hand, the lover of analysis, who feels that its power can go no farther; and, on the other, the young and ardent votary of literature, who feels that Hazlitt has expressed in language what he only could "with the falter-

ing tongue and the glistening eye." When he has a favourite, and especially an old favourite author to discuss, it becomes as great a luxury to witness as to feel his rapture. Even elderly enthusiasts, whose ardour is somewhat *passée*, might contemplate him with emotions such as Scott has so exquisitely described in Louis XI. when looking at the hungry Quentin Durward devouring his late and well-won breakfast. Youth, hot, eager, joyous youth, sparkles in Hazlitt's best criticisms even to the last. And yet, beside all his bursts and bravuras, there is always looking on the stern, clear, piercing eye of Old Analysis. Why is it that Hazlitt, thus eminently fitted to attract all classes, has failed to be generally popular? Many answers might be given to this question. There was first the special victimisation he underwent during his lifetime from the reviews and magazines. Old Gifford was his bitterest, although by no means his ablest opponent. The power wielded thirty years ago by that little arid mass of common-place and dried venom is, to us, absolutely marvellous. The manner in which he exercised the critical profession showed, indeed, that he was perfectly skilled in his former one, especially in the adroit use of the awl. He was admirable at boring small holes, but beyond this he was nothing. If Shakspeare's works had appeared in his time, he would have treated them precisely as he treated Shelley's and Keats's, unless, indeed, they had been submitted to his revision before, or dedicated to him at publication. Otherwise how he would have ostracised *Othello*; mauled *Macbeth*; torn-up the *Tempest*; mouthed, like a dog at the moon, against the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; laughed at *Lear*; raved at *Romeo and Juliet*; and admitted merit only in *Timon*, because it suited his morbid temper, and in the *Comedy of Errors*, because it melted down his evil humours into grim laughter. It is lamentable to think of such a man being respected by Byron and feared by Hunt and Lamb. It is more lamentable still to remember that he and his coadjutors were able to half-madden Shelley, to kill Keats, and to add gall and wormwood to the native bitterness of Hazlitt's spirit.

But he had other opponents, who, if not animated by all Gifford's spirit, had ten times his talent. Wilson and Lockhart bent all their young power against a writer whom both in their hearts admired, and from whom both had learned much. The first twenty-five volumes of *Blackwood's Magazine* are disgraced by incessant, furious, and scurrilous attacks upon the person, private character, motives, talents, and moral and religious principles of Hazlitt, which future ages shall regard with wonder, indignation, and disgust. "Ass," "blockhead," "fool," "idiot," "quack," "villain," "infidel," &c. are the least and lightest of the epithets applied to this master-spirit. Old Maga has greatly improved in this respect since; but there is at least one of its present contributors who would perpetrate, if he durst, similar enormities of injustice, and whose maximum of will to injure and abuse all minds superior to his own is only restrained by his minimum of power. Need we name the laureate of Clavers, and the libeller of the noble children of the Scottish Covenant?

We are no cheek-surrendering Quakers, and see nothing wrong in genius now and then turning round to rend and trample on its pertinacious foes. But Hazlitt was far too thin-skinned. He felt his wounds too keenly, he acknowledged them too openly, and gave thus a great advantage to his opponents. This was partly accounted for from his nervous temperament, and partly from his precarious circumstances. It was very easy for Lord Jeffrey, sitting in state in his palace in Moray-place, to curl his lip in cool contempt, or even to burst into laughter, over attacks on himself in *Ebony*—or for Wordsworth, in his drawing-room on Rydal Mount, to grunt and grumble over the *Edinburgh*, ere dashing it to the other side of the room; it is very easy still, for those of us who are not dependent for subsistence on our writings, to treat insolent injustice with pity or scorn; but the tendency of such attacks upon Hazlitt was to snatch the bread from his mouth, to lower the opinion of his capacity with the booksellers whose serf he was, and to drive him to mean subterfuges, which his soul abhorred, to prevent him from literally starving. He is said, a little before his death, to have met Hone, and said to him, "I have carried a volcano in my breast for the last three hours up and down Pall-mall; I have striven mortally to quench, to quell it, but it will not. Can you lend me a shilling? I have not tasted food for two days."

Want of thorough early training, an unsettled and wandering life, want of time for systematic study, and want of self-control and of domestic happiness, combined to lessen the artistic merit, and have limited to some extent the permanent power, of Hazlitt's writings. Hence they are full of faults—the faults never, however, of weakness, but of haste, carelessness, and caprice. They swarm with gossiping anecdote, with flashy clap-trap, with egotism, with jets of bitterest venom, and with sounding paradoxes. They are cast chiefly, too, in the form of slipshod essays: nor has he ever completed any great solid separate work. His superficial readers—especially if their minds have been previously poisoned by reading the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*—fasten on these faults, and never get farther. "An amusing flimsy writer" is the highest compliment they find in their hearts to bestow on one of the finest and deepest thinkers of the day. Our misty Germanisers, again, find him too clear, too brilliant, not sufficiently conversant with Kant, Fichte, Schiller, and Goethe, and vote him obsolete. Carlyle classes him with Dermody in one paper, and in another talks of him in such terms as these: "How many a poor Hazlitt must wander over God's verdant earth, like the unblest over burning deserts—passionately dig wells, and draw up only the dry quicksand, and at last die and make no sign." Such injustice is too rank long to continue rampant. Hazlitt, as a man, had errors of no little magnitude; but he was as sincere and honest a being as ever breathed, and as obedient as ever man was to whatever he thought the truth. If not practically a Christian, he respected Christianity; he saw, though he shrank from, its unique and glorious character; he owned its unparalleled power; he has praised its Bible with all the enthusiasm of his heart, and with all the riches of his genius; and he would have burned his pen and the hand that held it sooner than have set himself deliberately to sap by written inuendo, or blow up by open outrage, the faith in which his good old parents died. And if his writings are rather straggling and fragmentary, they may be compared to the floating fragments of a great aerial world. They constitute one of those quarries of thought, such as are also Bacon's Essays, Butler's Sermons, Boswell's Johnson, and Coleridge's Table Talk. They abound in gems, as sparkling as they are precious, and ever and anon a "mountain of light" lifts up its shining head. Not only are they full of profound critical dicta, but of the sharpest observations upon life and manners, upon history, and the metaphysics of the human mind. Descriptions of nature too are there, cool, clear, and refreshing as summer leaves. And then how glorious are his panegyrics on the old masters, and the old poets! And ever and anon he floats away into long and linked passages, such as that on Wordsworth and that on Coleridge in the *Spirit of the Age*—such as his description of the effects of the Reformation—such as his panegyric on poetry—his character of Sir Thomas Browne—and his picture of the Reign of Terror! Few things in the language are greater than these. They resemble

The long-resounding march and energy divine of the ancient lords of English prose, the Drydens, the Brownes, the Jeremy Taylors, and the Miltons.

All so-called "beauties" of great authors we detest. They are as dull as almanacks or jest-books. They are but torn fallen feathers from the broad eagle-wing. Nor do we mean to suggest that Hazlitt's works should be subjected to such an equivocal process. But we should like to see his "Select Works," including a selection from his essays,—the whole of his "Characteristics," and his "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays,"—all his lectures delivered at the Surrey Institution,—a selection from his purely metaphysical works,—certain passages from his *Life of Napoleon*—copious excerpts from his pictorial criticisms,—and his "Spirit of the Age," entire. It is a disgrace to literature, that while there are cheap editions of Lamb and Hunt, and dear editions of Jeffrey, Smith, and Macaulay, there is no good edition we know of, whether cheap or dear, of the works of a far more original thinker, and eloquent writer, and earnest man, than any of them all.

We will allude but to one other feature in Hazlitt's critical character, we mean his attachment to Shakspeare and Coleridge. He seemed created to criticise the "myriad-minded," and the "noticeable man with large grey eyes." Others admire Shakspeare—Hazlitt loves and adores him; and this soft key of love opens to him

many an intricate lock, and this deep light of adoration leads him safe through many a dark and winding way. Many prefer Ulrici, although in fact his work is just a "Midsummer Night's Dream of Shakspeare." It is not Shakspeare himself,—the clear and manly Englishman, as well as the universal genius,—it is Shakspeare seen amid the mists of the Brocken, casting an enormous shadow, which is mistaken for and criticised as the substance. Indeed we can conceive no spectacle more ludicrous than that of Shakspeare in the shades reading Ulrici, and marvelling to find that he understood him so much better than himself, and saw more in him than he ever intended—nay, often the reverse of what he did intend; to find his worst puns pronounced fine wit, his most insipid characters deified, his bombast called grandeur, the very snorings of his genius said to be sublime!

Hazlitt read Shakspeare with far greater perspicacity; saw his faults, and liked him better for them; took him at his word, believed what he said, and did not go about stumbling and groping for recondite meanings and merits in his author. He does not analyse, but paints Shakspeare; and though men may differ about opinions, who can deny a likeness? Shakspeare has now a great gallery of critics:—Johnson, with his sturdy generalities of encomium; Mrs. Montague, with her elegant and lady-like, if not very profound tribute; Joseph Warton's graceful papers in the *Adventurer*, as well as his brother's more elaborate testimony in his *History of English Poetry*; Goethe in his fine remarks on *Hamlet*, in *Wilhelm Meister*; George Moir, in his refined and thoughtful *Shakspeare in Germany*; Mrs. Jameson; De Quincey; Carlyle's striking sketch; Coleridge's wondrous talk about him; Hartley Coleridge's *Shakspeare a Tory and a Gentleman*; Professor Wilson's scattered splendours on the subject in the *Noctes*, &c. But love for the subject, profound and watchful study of it, the blended intellect and ardour of his nature, and the exquisite graces and powers of his style, render Hazlitt, in our judgment, the best limner of that standing wonder of the world; and to his warm and living portraits we most fondly and frequently recur.

Coleridge, too, a man resembling Shakspeare in width and subtlety, although not in clearness and masculine strength and directness, was seen by Hazlitt as few else saw him, and shown by him more eloquently and enthusiastically than by any or all his other critics. He knew him in his youth. He met him first at Wem, in Shropshire, where his father was minister; and most beautifully has he described, in his *First Acquaintance with Poets*, his meeting with the round fat man in a shooting-jacket, with his dim grey eyes, his long dark hair floating over his ivory forehead, his curt nose, his good-humour and endless flowing talk, his lyrical recitation of poetry, his preaching in a Unitarian Chapel "on Church and State, not on their union, but their separation," and Hazlitt's own return from the sermon through the muddy January ways, "pensive but much pleased," while the "sun struggling with thick clouds seemed an emblem of the good cause." 'Tis to us the most delightful of all Hazlitt's essays, striking as it does on some of our own early associations. Apollodorus, like Hazlitt, was the son of a dissenting (though not a unitarian) minister; like him spent many a sad and solitary hour in the country, cheered, indeed, by books and by the loveliness and grandeur of nature; like him, has "shed tears over his unfinished manuscript," while in vain seeking adequately to transcribe his confused but burning impressions of nature and of literature; and, like him, has again and again been delighted and raised from the dust by the visits and sermons of gifted preachers, who came like sunbeams to the sequestered valley of his birth; and he can hardly, therefore read *My First Acquaintance with Poets*, or several other of Hazlitt's autobiographical essays, without a swelling heart and streaming eyes as he thinks of the days of his own boyhood.

No man has better described than Hazlitt Coleridge's after-career, which was that of a comet among comets, more eccentric than all its lawless kindred, now assuming the form of a thin and gaseous vapour, and now becoming blood-red, solid-seeming, and

Firing the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the Arctic sky.

No one has with such delight and pride pointed to him when, like the Gæic in the Arabian Nights, he stood erect upon the shore, his stature reaching the sky; and none has more bitterly bewailed his prostration as he sunk his giant form

into a phial of laudanum. Let it ever be remembered that he fought the battle of Coleridge's fame, when he was under the cloud of public opinion, and of the opium curse; and that, although separated from him afterwards by political and other differences, he never ceased to be his ardent eulogist as well as his honest adviser.

Peace to the memory of William Hazlitt! That pale, haggard face; those eager, restless eyes; those dark grey locks; that brain, ever prolific of new thoughts; and that heart, ever palpitating with new, fierce, or rapturous passions,—are now all still and quenched in the sepulchre. We dare rear no temple over his dust—nor is it worthy of a pyramid; but his works form nevertheless a noble monument—solid as marble, and clear and brilliant as flame—expressing at once the strength and the splendour of his unrivalled critical genius.

In point of learning, culture, calmness, and the command of the powers he has, Hallam, of course, excels Hazlitt, even as a bust is much smoother than a man's head; but he is altogether destitute of that fine instinctive sense of poetic beauty which was in Hazlitt's mind, and of that eloquent, fervid, and fearless expression of it which came, like inspiration, into Hazlitt's pen. The "gods have not made him poetical;" and when he talks about poetry, you are reminded of a blind man discoursing on the rainbow. He has far too much tact and knowledge to commit any gross blunder—nay, the bust seems often half alive; but it never becomes more. You never feel that this man, who talks so ably about politics, and evidence, and international law, has a "native and indefeasible right" to speak to you about poetry. On that field he reminds you of a galvanised corpse—there is motion in the limbs; there is a smile upon the lips; but there is no lustre in the eye, no bloom on the cheek; it moves, but it is cold; it smiles, but it is dead:—or of one in a collection of stuffed birds, where are the raven, the dove, the nightingale, and the eagle; but the raven cannot croak, the dove cannot coo, the nightingale cannot sing, and the eagle cannot soar:—or of the member of a wax-figure establishment, where there are Peel, O'Connell, Wordsworth, and Brougham; but Peel cannot govern, O'Connell cannot agitate, Wordsworth cannot dream, and Brougham cannot talk. So neither can Hallam criticise poetry; the power is as completely denied him as is a sixth sense; and worst—he is not conscious of the want.

For he has often essayed to criticise our greatest poets, and has displayed marvellous knowledge of their writings, and of the ages in which they lived. But it is merely mechanical knowledge. He knows poets by head-mark, not by heart-recognition. He may see, but he scarcely feels, their beauties. He is not indeed one of those pitiful small snarlers, with microscopic eyes, who pick out petty faults in works of genius, blunders in syntax perhaps, mixed metaphors, and so on, and present such splinters as adequate specimens of the building. Nor is he, like Dr. Johnson, furnished with a blazing Cyclopean orb on one side of his head, and an eye totally blind on the other, so that his judgments, according to his position, are now the truest, and now the falsest, in literature—now final as the laws of the Medes, and now contemptible as the notes on fly-leaves written by schoolboys or snips. Hallam is seldom unduly minute, never unfair, and rarely one-sided; his want is simply that of the warm insight which "loosens the bands of the Orions" of poetry, and gives a swift solution of all its splendid problems.

His paper on Ariosto is correct and creeping; although, surely, we must demur to his dictum that he was surpassed only by three of his predecessors, Homer, Virgil, and Dante. Has he forgotten Æschylus, Sophocles, and Lucræti? In his remarks on Tasso, which are otherwise good, Tasso being quite the artificial poet that Hallam can fully appreciate, he rather paradoxically says that "the *Jerusalem* is the great epic poem, in the strict sense, of modern times." Is Milton not a modern, and in what strict sense is *Paradise Lost* not an epic? What condition of the Epics does it not fulfil? His remarks on *Don Quixote* are poor, compared to Hazlitt's on the same subject in his paper on "Standard Novels," which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. His paper on Spenser is judicious, and on the whole accurate, but has a general coldness of tone insufferable in reference to such a rich and imaginative writer, and contains one or two hyper-criticisms. For instance, he objects to that exquisite description of a forest,

The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, sole king of forests all,
The aspine good for staves, the cypress funeral;

because, forsooth, a natural forest never contains such a variety of species! This is sad work. Has he forgotten that the *Fairy Queen* is not merely a poem, but a dream; and should not a dream have its own dream-scenery? We call his attention to the following passage from Addison—a critic of a very different order—a passage not less distinguished by its philosophic truth, than by its exquisite beauty:

The poet is not obliged to attend Nature in the slow advances she makes from one season to another, or to observe her conduct in the successive production of plants and flowers; he may draw into his description all the beauties of spring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute something to render it the more agreeable. His rose-trees, woodbines, and jessamines may flower together, and his beds be covered at the same time with lilies, violets, and amaranths. His soil is not restrained to any particular set of plants; but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itself to the products of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge; and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of spices, he can quickly command sun enough to raise it. Nay, he can make several new species of flowers with richer scents and higher colours than any that grow in the gardens of nature. His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy as he pleases. He is at no more expense in a long vista than in a short one, and can as easily throw his cascades from a precipice of half a mile high as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the course of his rivers, in all the variety of meanders that are most delightful to the reader's imagination.

Such are a poet's prerogatives; and would

Classic Hallam, much renown'd for Greek,
snatch these from Spenser,

High priest of all the Muses' mysteries?

In the same spirit he presumes, with some misgivings, however, to object to the celebrated stanza describing the varied concert of winds, waves, birds, voices, and musical instruments in the Bower of Bliss, and compares it to that which tormented Hogarth's "Enraged Musician!" And this is a critic on Poetry, worse than a Pre-Raphaelite on Art.

His account of Shakspeare begins with the following elegant sentence: "Of William Shakspeare, whom, through the mouths of those whom he has inspired to body forth the modifications of his mighty mind, we seem to know better than any human writer, it may be truly said that we scarcely know anything." Certainly, in another sense, he knows little of him! In the account that follows of Shakspeare's plays, he actually sets *Love's Labour's Lost*, that dull tissue of "mere havers," as they say in Scotland, and which many have doubted to be Shakspeare's, since it displays not a spark of his wit, genius, or even sense, above the *Comedy of Errors*, the most laughable farce in the world, and above the romantic *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and above the *Taming of the Shrew*, that delightful half-plagiarism of the great dramatist's. He accuses *Romeo and Juliet* of a "want of thoughtful philosophy." It is true that it does not abound in set didactic soliloquies like those of *Hamlet* or *Timon*; but how much of the essence of profoundest thought has gone to the production of *Mercutio*, and of the apothecary, and that weird shop of his, which Shakspeare has advertised to the ends of the earth! *Twelfth Night* he underrates when compared to *Much Ado about Nothing*. We dare to differ from him in this, and to prefer the humours of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew—not to speak of Malvolio—to the immortal Dogberry and Verges themselves. How feeble what he says of *Lear*, having in madness "thoughts more profound than in his prosperous hour he could have conceived," when compared to Charles Lamb's remarks on the same subject, although suggested apparently by them! Of *Timon* he coldly predicates, "It abounds with signs of his genius." *Timon!* the grandest burst of poetic misanthropy ever written, certain soliloquies, nay, sentences, in which condense all the satire of Juvenal and the invective of Byron! "What, wouldst thou to Athens?" asks Apemantus. "Thou thither in a whirlwind." "What wouldst thou best liken to thy flatterers?" "Women nearest, but men—men are the things themselves!" Some sapient critic of the Hallam school speaks of the excellent scolding of *Timon*, as if it were the Billingsgate of a furious fishwoman, and not the foul spittle of an angry God. Just as we have said

elsewhere that De Quincey's third *Suspension of Profundis* is a sigh that can only be answered by the Second Advent, so Shakspeare's protest in *Timon* against man as he is and things as they are lies yet and shall lie unlifted and unreprieved to till the great Day of Judgment. That *Coriolanus* has the "grandeur of sculpture" is a criticism suggested rather by Kemble's personation of him than by the character himself. He, as Shakspeare describes him, is no more like sculpture than Fergus Mac Ivor, or any other fierce, proud, restless, tearing, swearing, Highland chieftain. He may be as a marble statue, colossal; but surely not as a marble statue, calm. The rest of his remarks on Shakspeare are just the thousand times reiterated truisms about his creative power, knowledge of human nature, superiority to the dramatists of his age, and contain nothing but what had been said before, and said infinitely better by Johnson and Hazlitt.

His observations on Beaumont, Fletcher, and Massinger show deep acquaintance with those writers, deeper than most people who regard their own moral reputation would now care to be known to possess. We may once for all tell the uninitiated that more beastly, elaborate, and incessant filth and obscenity are not to be found in all literature than in the plays of these three dramatists; and that we, at least, could only read one or two of them through. They repelled us by the strong shock of disgust, and we have never since been able to understand of what materials the men are made who have read and re-read them, paused and lingered over them, dwelt fondly on their beauties, and even ventured to compare them to the plays of Shakspeare; the morality of which, considering his age, is as wonderful as the genius. If our readers think this criticism extreme, let them turn, not to the disgusting books themselves, but to Coleridge's *Table Talk*, and note what he says of them. Hallam, while admitting that there was much to condemn in their indecency and even licentiousness of principle, says—"Never were dramatic poets more thoroughly gentlemen, according to the standard of their times." Heaven preserve our age from such gentility!

In his criticism on *Lycidas* occurs this sentence, which we beg our readers to compare with what he had said previously of the forest in the *Fairy Queen*.

Such poems as *Lycidas* are read with the willing abandonment of the imagination to a waking dream, and require only that general possibility, that combination of images, which common experience does not reject as incompatible!

So that such common experience is made the gauge of the poet's waking dreams. Alas! poor Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge, what is to become of your Revolts of Islam, Hyperions, and Rimes of the Ancient Marinere, when tried by "common experience," assisted in her assizes by the author of the *Constitutional History*!

In the next paragraph but one he tells us that the *Ode on the Nativity* is "truly Pindarick," one of the most unlucky epithets ever applied. What resemblance there is between the swift, sharp-glancing, and fiery odes of the "inspired Olympic jockey" and that slow-moving, solemn strain of the English poet, which seems hushed and awed like a charmed river, as it moves near the awful sanctities of its theme, we cannot even divine. In his account of *Paradise Lost* he assures us that the "subject is managed with admirable skill!" We rather like this *Perge Puer* style—this clapping on the back, from such a man as Henry Hallam to such a man as John Milton. It requires too a certain power and courage in a man to be able so gravely to enunciate such truisms as the above, and as the following:—"The Fall of Man has a more general interest than the Crusade." A little farther on, however, we are startled with what is neither a truism, nor even true. "The first two books confirm the sneer of Dryden that Satan is Milton's hero, since they develop a plan of action in that potentate which is ultimately successful; the triumph which he and his host must experience in the fall of man being hardly compensated by their temporary conversion into serpents." As if that were the only compensation: as if the tenor of the whole argument were not to show that the second Adam was to bruise the serpent's head by recovering the majority of the race from Satan's grasp, and by, at last, "consuming Satan and his perverted world." The object of Satan was not only to ruin man, but to rob God of glory; and the purpose of the poet is to show how neither part of the plan was successful, but that it all

redounded to the devil's misery and disgrace, and to the triumph of God and of the Messiah. So that, if it be essential to the hero of an epic that he be victorious, Satan is not the hero of the *Paradise Lost* any more than of the *Paradise Regained*, although he is undoubtedly the most interesting and powerfully-drawn character in the former.

Or what do our readers think of this?—"Except one circumstance, which seems rather physical intoxication than anything else, we do not find any sign of depravity superinduced upon the transgression of our first parents." Has Mr. Hallam forgotten that magnificent scene of their mutual recrimination, and of the gross injustice Adam does to Eve, by calling her "that bad woman," "that serpent," &c.? Was there no sign of begun depravity there? And was even "physical intoxication" possible to undepraved beings?

In the next paragraph he speaks of Homer's "diffuseness;" rather a novel charge, we ween. Of repetition he has often been accused; but never before of diffuseness. His lines are lances, as compressed as they are keen.

A few pages afterwards Hallam says: "I scarcely think that he had begun his poem before the anxiety and trouble into which the public strife of the Commonwealth and the Restoration had thrown him, gave leisure for immortal occupations." Aubrey, on the contrary, expressly asserts that Milton began his great work two years before the Restoration. A fine sentence follows, in which the bust really seems nearly alive, and you cry *O si sic omnia, or even multa!*—"Then the remembrance of early reading came over his dark and lonely path, like the moon emerging from the clouds." Then follows an attempt at antithesis, which seems to us extremely unsuccessful: "Milton is more a musical than a picturesque poet. He describes visible things, but he feels music." What does this mean? or, at least, where is its force? Had he said, "He is or becomes music," it had been a novel and a beautiful thought. He then brings forward the old exploded objection to Milton's lists of sonorous names. Many have stated, but few, we hope, have ever felt this objection. To those possessed of historical lore, these names, as Macaulay remarks, are charmed names; to others they are like a foreign language spoken by a Gavazzi, or sung by a Jenny Lind—their music affects them almost as deeply as their meaning could. If jargon, they are at least the omnipotent jargon of a magician opening doors in rocks, rooting up pines, and making palaces and mountains come and go at his pleasure.

He proceeds rather to underrate *Paradise Regained*. Our judgment of it, as compared to *Paradise Lost*, we have elsewhere stated thus: "In the latter Milton is a giant, tossing hills to heaven, as a trial of his powers, and with manifest toil; in the former he is a giant, gently putting his foot on a rock, and leaving a mark indelible, inimitable, visible to all after time."

He closes his estimate of Milton with a very good account of *Samson Agonistes*, a poem, the "sculptural simplicity" of which seems to suit his taste better than the grandeurs of the *Paradise Lost*, or the graces of the *Paradise Regained*.

We could have gone on much longer, proving Hallam's incapacity as a critic of poets; but time and space tell us to stop. We have ventured on these remarks from no personal feeling to the author; in fact, although we have spoken of him as living, we are not sure but he is dead. To detract from his fame as a scholar and a historian, or rather critic on history, were a hopeless and an unjust attempt. But we have great faith in the proverb *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and are sorry to see powers so efficient in other fields worse than wasted upon the sides of Parnassus. To warn him and such as he off that sacred and secluded territory, we shall ever regard as our bounden duty.

APOLLODORUS.

The Encyclopedia Britannica; or Dictionary of the Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Eighth Edition, greatly improved. Edited by THOMAS STEWART TRAILL, M.D. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. Part I.

A NEW edition of the famous *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the most famous, and in estimation the foremost, of English Encyclopædias, is an event in the history of British literature, to be recorded with something more than a mere note among the intelligence of the time. This magnificent repertorium of human knowledge was commenced in 1771, and ever since that period it has continued to gather in successive editions the

rapidly-increasing stores of science and literature. How these have swollen is curiously shown by some facts stated in the prospectus to the new edition. It was first published in three quarto volumes in 1771; in 1778 appeared a second edition in ten volumes; in 1797 the third edition swelled to eighteen volumes, to which a supplement of two volumes was added in 1801. The fourth edition appeared in twenty volumes in 1810. Other editions followed of the same size; but to these Professor Napier added a supplement of six volumes in 1815-24. The seventh edition appeared in 1842, and is well-known to most of our readers. Of these seven editions, no less than 35,000 copies in the whole have been sold.

The time has now arrived when an Eighth Edition is demanded by the vast accumulations made to the stores of human knowledge during the last wondrous ten years of progress. This is about to be supplied; and every article is to be revised, and all necessary additions and corrections made. Many subjects, not known before, will now be included. Other improvements are promised, not the least of which is the publication with each volume of the names of the writers of the principal articles. This is a guarantee for authenticity, and gives confidence to the reader.

The first part is already published, and contains the commencement of the famous Preliminary Dissertations, by Stewart, Macintosh, Playfair, and Leslie, to which two new ones are to be added by the Archbishop of Dublin, on the "Rise, Progress, and Corruptions of Christianity;" and by Dr. James Forbes, in continuation of the "Dissertations on the Progress of Physical Science to this time."

We shall doubtless have many opportunities of reporting from time to time on the execution of the various parts as they appear, and we shall watch its progress with great interest.

THE REV. S. ROBINS, M.A. has addressed to Lord John Russell a letter on the *Necessity and Mode of State Assistance in the Education of the People*. With powerful arguments and a formidable array of facts he advocates mixed education and partial payment by the pupils, except in case of extreme poverty. He is right in this: gifts are never valued.—MR. SUMNER'S *Speech in the Senate of the United States*, on his motion to repeal the Fugitive Slave Bill, has been reprinted in England. It is an eloquent denunciation of the system; but it fails to show how it can be practically abolished. That seems to be the problem to be solved.—THE *Dramatic Register* is a useful list of the dramatic works published, chronicle of the events at each theatre, and list of new plays produced, during the year 1852. It is a useful and curious record. From this we learn that there were 34 first appearances on the London boards: 238 new plays were produced by 123 authors.—THE *British Medical Directory* for 1853 is a complete list of all the regular medical practitioners in England and Scotland, with the titles of each one, and the works, if any, which they may have published. It is brought out under the auspices of the *Lancet*, and contains a vast amount of information required for reference by members of the profession.—THE *Lay Member's Guide in Visiting the Sick and Poor* is a valuable little volume, containing short chapters and prayers, with selected portions of scripture adapted for the sick and poor.—THE new volume of MR. BONN'S "Classical Library" contains a literal translation, with notes, of *Cicero's Academic Questions, Treatise de Finibus, and Tusculan Disputations*, by MR. C. D. YONGE, B.A. To these is added a sketch of the Greek Philosophers mentioned by Cicero.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

BLACKWOOD is more than usually interesting this month. It opens with a capital article on "Clubs and Clubbists," and those modern institutions are upon the whole approved. The next most interesting paper is an elaborate notice of some recent German "Rambles in Southern Selavonia," of which country the traveller paints a melancholy picture. "The Vegetable Kingdom" is another paper that will reward perusal. It was suggested by Schleiden's admirable "Biography of a Plant." "A Trio of French Tourists" introduces the reader to some of those amusing fictions which so often appear in France under the form of sober narrative, and which perhaps the writers really believe to be true. But a Frenchman has an irresistible tendency to imagine more than he sees.

The principal article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* is a curious one called "The Masters of the Roman World during the happiest years of the Human Race."

The *Sportsman* has two steel engravings of sporting subjects. "A Second Fox" is very clever.

The *Ladies' Companion* is mainly contributed by ladies and addressed to them. The print of the fashions will be attractive.

The *Art Journal* for March has two more engravings from the *Vernon Gallery*; Scott's "London Bridge in 1745," and "The Stepping-Stones," by Witherington, besides a multitude of wood engravings, very miracles of art.

The 29th Part of *Tomlinson's Cyclopædia* of

Useful Arts, proceeds as far as the word "Photography." Every article seems to be written with extreme care.

Hogg's Instructor is really what it is called. It has a portrait of Sir E. Lytton.

We have received from Messrs. Ingram and Cooke three new parts of the excellent *Universal Library*, "Kämpfer's Voyage to Japan,"—most interesting; a new edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Miss Sedgwick's "Home;" "Paul and Virginia," and "Elizabeth,"—always acceptable.

The *Farmer's Magazine* for March; the *Midland Metropolitan Magazine*; the *Scottish Educational Magazine*; the 6th Part of the *Cyclopædia Bibliographica*; and Part III. of the translation of *Reynard the Fox*, call for no particular notice beyond acknowledgment of their receipt.

The best paper in the new number of the *Eclectic* is on "The Cambridge University Commission."

Lieut. Cameron has published the First Part of a serial entitled *Romance of Military Life*. It promises well.

The *Charm*, for March, is pictorial and pleasant as ever.

The 15th Number of *The Portrait Gallery* gives some six or seven portraits engraved on steel, with memoirs.

The *Picture Pleasure Book*, Part II., is a sort of child's album of instructive and amusing woodcuts, by good artists.

THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY.

By the report read at the seventh half-yearly meeting on Wednesday, it appears that the total amount received for premiums during the half-year is 4,356l. 4s. 5d., and the entire income for the year 1852 is 7,422l. 12s. 6d. against 7,352l. 18s. for 1851. The latter sum included, however, 549l. 17s. 6d. for insurance of railway servants, which has not been renewed, and which should be deducted in order to estimate the actual increase of business from passengers during the past year.

The following table shows the number of tickets issued during the three years of the society's existence:—

	SINGLE JOURNEY TICKETS.			DOUBLE JOURNEY TICKETS.			Periodical Tickets.
	1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.	1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.	
1850	14,008	30,040	40,236	—	—	—	2,320
1851	29,520	74,016	133,468	—	273	19,471	2,227
1852	23,424	49,683	72,342	2,977	5,431	12,299	2,715

FAC-SIMILES OF OLD BOOKS.—MR. HARRIS, so well known for his extraordinary production of fac-similes of old books, restoration of defective leaves, &c. favoured the Jury of the Great Exhibition with the following description of the means he employs:—"It was about the year 1815 that I was first employed by the late Mr. John Whittaker, of Westminster, an eminent bookbinder of that period; and I believe the idea of having ancient books of the early printers, &c., perfected by fac-similes, was first suggested to him by the late Earl Spencer, for whom many books were so done; and numerous specimens are preserved of some of the rarest productions of the press in the library at Althorpe. Specimens are also to be seen in the King's Library, which were done in the lifetime of George the Third, the art of imitation by fac-similes being patronised by him, also by the late Earl Fitzwilliam, the Hon. T. Greville, and many others. I continued to work for Mr. Whittaker till about 1820, when I was sent for by Lord Spencer, for whom I completed a Pentateuch in Hebrew and Chaldee, and several other works; also I was employed by the late Mr. Greville, in whose library are numerous specimens of various works completed by me, as there are also in the libraries of many other noblemen and gentlemen by whom I have been employed during the last 30 years. It now only remains to give a brief sketch of the process employed. Formerly I made an accurate tracing from the original leaf, and afterwards retraced it on to the inlaid leaf by means of a paper blackened on one side; this produced an outline lettered page, which, by being gone over carefully and imitating the original, produced the desired leaf. This process was found to take up much time, and was consequently expensive, but it was the method I adopted while employed by Mr. Whittaker; and he, to carry out the deception still further, had two sets of tools cut of the large and small letters generally used by Caxton, with which he has often been at the trouble to go over the pages after my work was done, to give the appearance of the indentation of the type. The process afterwards adopted by me was to make the tracing in a soft ink, to transfer the same to a thin paper, and to re-transfer on to the intended leaf: by this means I saved one-third, or one tracing of the work, which was a great saving both in time and expense. I pursued this process for some years, but I have within the last ten or twelve years had recourse to lithography, producing the tracing on to the stone, and finishing up the letters on to the same: this has been beneficial, particularly when more than one copy was wanted; but I occasionally find even this process irksome and uncertain, and frequently at this present time have recourse to my own.—*Jury Reports of the Great Exhibition.*

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

We have steadily directed the attention of our readers to the progress of the important experiment (nor have we yet, we hope, to chronicle its finale) which was first suggested under the Republic, by M. Léon Faucher, when Minister of the Interior, with a view to elevate and purify the dramatic literature of France. In all countries literature and the drama react more or less powerfully upon life; but in no country is this the case so much as in France, where an imaginative, a mobile, and a susceptible people is ever ready to convert into action the moods and sentiments which it receives from its favourite writers and dramatists, as readily as soft wax an impression from the seal. In no country, therefore, is it so important that literature and the drama should, if possible, be attracted into constituting themselves the handmaids of morality; and from the time of Voltaire and the encyclopedists down to that of Balzac and George Sand, all discerning persons have traced overt acts of national madness and of individual crime to a distinct influence exerted by the contemporary literature of France. In France, above all, it is easy to recognise the vast importance of the drama; for there the working classes, partly from economic and partly from temperamental causes, are much more of playgoers than of readers; and, were it not so, they are unprovided with the cheap and wholesome literature which in England holds its own against, and is gradually displacing and annihilating, a cheap and unwholesome kind. Impressed with this conviction, in the April of 1851, M. Faucher (well known by the interesting account of his visits to the manufacturing districts of England) proposed prizes, divided into various classes, for the dramatic works which should most combine (in relation to the various classes of theatres where they were represented) literary excellence with moral aim. The Faucher ministry fell soon after the promulgation of the prize-decree; the struggle between the Prince President and the Assembly absorbed all the political energies of France; and it was not before the 12th of October, 1852, that a new Minister of the Interior announced that the lists were open, that dramatic works produced since the promulgation of the original decree were of course qualified to compete; finally, a commission was named to report on and examine the competing works; and this comprised Scribe, Mérimée, Philarete Chasles, and Sainte-Beuve, under the presidency of Romieu, the author of the famous pamphlets, *Césarisme* and *Le Spectre Rouge*. The other day the decision of the commission was given through Sainte-Beuve, the author of the charming *Causeries de Lundi*; and all literary and theatrical Paris has been thrown into a paroxysm of indignation. To some minor works in subordinate classes prizes have been adjudged, but not so to any of the pieces represented at the Theatre Français. What! say the Paris critics, is there not morality enough in M. Jules Sandeau's *Mademoiselle de Seiglière* (the piece adapted at the Haymarket under the title of *The Man of Law*), in Ponsard's *Ulysse*, in Augier's *Diane*, and so forth. For our own part, so far as foreigners may be justified in delivering an opinion, we are inclined to agree with the opinion expressed by the commission in the elegant and conciliatory report by Sainte-Beuve. The works in question are not immoral; but they have nothing sufficiently elevating in them to have it declared of them that they fulfil the conditions of the prize. And we are glad to see that the experiment is to be continued; for though it is easy to sneer at the morality which owes its origin to money, even that is better than the immorality which has a similar genesis, and of which there has always been enough and to spare in the French drama and French literature,—and, indeed, in those of England.

The Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas, though infinitely long-winded, will be found very amusing to those who are proficient in the art of skipping, and they contain some extremely curious notices of several of the men who have chiefly figured in France since the three days of July. Foremost among the literary persons who helped in producing (so far as the mere pen could go) the *coup-d'état* was the Romieu mentioned above,

who in those two famous pamphlets painted with certainly singular talent the unrest of a country delivered over to "suffrage" and "agitations," in contrast with the peaceful repose diffused over a people by an unresisted despot of ideal wisdom and beneficence. To judge from the writing alone, an inexperienced reader would have taken this Romieu to be an austere and reflective sage, looking out on a mad world through the spectacles of Marcus Antoninus. The chapter in Dumas' memoirs which relates to this seemingly prophetic person is the most amusing in the work, for the reason that the Romieu described in it resembles nothing so much as a tricky school-boy; and the catalogue of his *espégleries*, the practical jokes which he played off on Paris shopkeepers in conjunction with James Rousseau, the quondam editor of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, might have furnished Theodore Hook with many a good idea for that kind of amusement at the era of the Berners-street hoax.

Balzac is not forgotten. It was but a few months ago that some speculative admirer brought out a little volume of *Pensées et Maximes de Balzac*; and already this year a Parisian publisher has collected his dramatic works, one of which, adapted at the Lyceum under the title of the *Game of Speculation*, had such a run in London. Yet it is strange that, though a fair period has elapsed since his death, no life or even copious memoir of him has been published. Among the characteristics which has often surprised us in Balzac's works, with their fantastic romanticism, was the singular love he had for occasionally luxuriating in the driest details of shop-keeping life,—the minute accuracy with which he traced the commercial history of a small barber or grocer from poor to less poor. You would have said that Balzac had missed his vocation, and instead of being a novelist should have been a shopkeeper. A clever and rising Paris journalist, M. Alexandre Dufai, who had a slight personal acquaintance with Balzac, has recently given to the world some incidental notices of him in his daily life; and from these it would appear that poor Balzac's head was ever full of commercial speculations as fantastic as anything in his novels—ever astonishing his acquaintances with a demand upon their purses for funds to realise a fortune out of some scheme incredibly absurd, such as that of buying up all the old curiosities in Paris, and, after establishing a monopoly in gimeracks, to raise their price to any conceivable extent, and amass a million out of the profits. One morning in 1833 he knocked up a friend at four o'clock, announcing that he had stumbled on an idea by which the throne of France was to be made to change owners in the course of three months: the means were the purchase of *Figaro* and of the *Gazette de France*! "My dear Balzac," rejoined the friend, rather rustily, "next time you have similar ideas to propound, pray wait until at least I have been up and had my breakfast!"

An incessant stream of books about Frederick the Great, pouring without intermission from the shops of the Berlin publishers, testifies to the disinterested ardour with which the Prussians, and after such a lapse of time, too, cultivate the memory of their one hero. Many, indeed most of these, are catchpenny publications; but belonging seemingly to a different class, is a work which has been in course of publication for several years, and is only now at last completed, E. Lange's *Die Soldaten Friedrichs des Grossen* (The Soldiers of Frederick the Great.) The author is a lieutenant in a militia regiment, and an artist as well as a soldier, who knows how to hit off with his pencil the military character in the varieties which break the uniformity of even the martial profession. The work, though complete in itself, is intended, the author hints, to be merely the first part of a more comprehensive enterprise, which will embrace a view of the whole military history of Prussia, under that great captain, for even whose generals Napoleon himself professed respect. So far as it goes the book is pretty exhaustive for its purpose, tracing, as it does, the gradual organisation and classification of Frederick's regiments, with authenticated lists of officers, and a more or less copious biography of each of the most distinguished among them. Mr. Thomas Carlyle was

sadly disappointed that he was left in ignorance of the details of the birth and education of Cromwell's Ironsides; but apparently there has been light enough thrown on the development of his latest hero's soldier-masses.

A very different class from the military one is that which Herr Lempertz, of Cologne, has begun to celebrate in his *Bilder-hefte zur Geschichte des Bücherhandels* (Historical Illustrations of the Book-Trade)—portraits and autographs of the worthies of the bookselling profession, and even (it is intended) of illustrious paper-makers and book-binders! Is there anything like German diligence and enthusiasm? What has become of Ferdinand Freiligrath is a question often asked: alive he seemingly is and stirring. Witness the appearance from a Stuttgart publisher of *The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock; a Selection of English Poetry*, by Ferdinand Freiligrath: a well-executed selection from 111 English poets, classified under heads, and with biographical notices. Nor let Germany be quitted without allusion to the *Visitenbuch eines Deutschen Arztes in London* (The Visiting-Book of a German Physician in London), by a lady of the name of Bülte, resident in London, and who adopts the form of the *Diary of a late Physician* to promulgate to Berlin her notions of English society in the middle and higher ranks of life.

Schiller has had a fair share of English translators—men like Coleridge and Moir for his *Wallenstein*; and for his minor poems, Merivale, Bulwer, and latest, Mr. Edgar Bowring, of the Great Exhibition commission. This last gentleman promises soon a version of Goethe's "complete poems," in "the metres of the original"; a difficult and high attempt, so evanescent is Goethe's meaning, and so simple-subtle his language. An English version is announced of another book proceeding indirectly from the greatest of German Poets—Goethe's *Opinions on the World, &c.*, extracted from his *Communications and Correspondence*, probably a translation of a work recently published at Berlin: *Goethe in Briefen und Gesprächen* (Goethe in his Correspondence and Conversation)—a poor book, and which could not help being poor; for it was not in "correspondence and conversation," but in his deliberate literature, that Goethe broached his choicest "opinions on the world, &c." Few writers are to be compared to Goethe in the abundance of pregnant maxims which they scatter over their pages, and a judicious collector who went to work for himself might reap an ample harvest of costly *Goethiana*. What has become of Mr. Lewes' long talked-of biography of Goethe?

From America there is no certain intelligence respecting the International Copyright Treaty, and some fears are entertained that the Senate will not confirm it. It must be confessed that the tone of the American press on the subject has been everything that could be desired; and although we may doubt whether any mere treaty can lead to the development of Transatlantic talent which some enthusiastic Americans expect when a "restricted competition" is the order of the day, we should be sorry to disturb so pleasant and so harmless a delusion.

SWITZERLAND.

Tales and Sketches of Rural Life in Switzerland. (Erzählungen und Bilder, &c.) Von JEREMIAS GOTTHELF. 3 Bd. Berlin.

Money and Mind. (Geld und Geist.) Von J. GOTTHELF Marcus, Oxford-street.

We fear that these very entertaining volumes will have few readers in this country among those even who are pretty conversant with the German tongue, as the author has written in the *patois* of the Bernbiet, or Canton of Bern, and it is not every one who will have the patience to master it. An appended glossary would have been useful in a twofold sense—as an aid to the reader, and as a contribution to philology.

Of these tales and sketches some are grave and tragical enough, but the gay predominate. A broad humour, with a dash of reflectiveness in it, is the predominant characteristic of the author. He is a caricaturist too, but not a very ill-natured one; and underneath all his mirth and fun, be-

leaves us to feel assured that there is a substratum of truthfulness in what he has to tell us of his countrymen. We hold, of course at the risk of being controverted, that we gain a speedier knowledge of the inner life and social state of a people through the medium of truthful tales and sketches than through formal treatises and cubic feet of blue-books. Who cannot identify the Irish character in the pages of Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Hall, and Banim? or the Scottish in those of Galt, Moir, or Scott? or the English in those of Fielding and Boz? Bulwer Lytton wrote a book about England and the English, but we could never make much about the Englishman out of it. He is too rounded, too philosophical, and lacks those salient points and delightful angularities that enable us at once to identify an acquaintance at first sight. We know far more of England and of the English in his novels. It is the merit of the first of the works heading our paper that we are introduced to a Swiss cottage or farm-house, and soon become acquainted with all the inmates—in some cases down to the pig. We know all the gossip of the village, and all the drolleries and politics of the alehouse—say, rather, wine-and-Kirschwasser-house. We have listened to the edifying talk of the village pastor, sipping meanwhile the best of his cellar, handed by his comely spouse. We know the notary, and have smoked a pipe with the schoolmaster. We have an inkling how courtships are managed among the Swiss valleys, and can now comprehend the mysterious window-tappings that occur about dewy morn and silent eve, two points of time sacred to poets and sweethearts. Tap! and forthwith a casement is opened and two bright eyes appear, making night, or grey morn, luminous to somebody. We are not eaves-droppers, but we know, nevertheless, what all these whisperings are about. We have seen the beginning of a courtship, and have been in at the death, kicking our heels at the bridal, and doing some sober tipping with the bridesmaids. For our Jeremias Gotthelf will have us believe, that in these Swiss Arcadias, as we esteem them here, much tipping of a sober character vastly abounds. At "kirk or at maket," the day must be finished with a *halb*, or choppin, at the wine-house. The decent farmer's wife, having sold her butter, eggs, and chickens to good account, regards it no sin to drop into the Angel or Bear of Bern on her way home, to exchange news with the hostess and her odd *batzen* for a cup of peculiar—say, of the landlady's own private store of "seven-and-forty Merliger." And what swain at merry-making does not treat his *Meitschi* to a flask or thereby *vom bessern*—of the better sort? The times must be sadly out of joint with him when this does not happen. Indeed, young ladies at Easter or Whitsuntide fairs take it very much to heart if they do not pay a visit to the Stag, or the Lion, or the Green Dragon, under the protection of favoured *burschen*.

We have seen much rough work at these merry-makings in the estimable company of Herr Gotthelf. A Swiss Donnybrook is no laughing matter. Bottles, sticks, fists, and glasses, animated by plaguy *Kirschwasser* and *Brantwein*, make sad dilapidation of Helvetic sconces, which appear to be quite as fragile as those of our Hibernian brethren. Here it was we were introduced to that very respectable unlicked young bear, Michel of the Cudgel—a well-to-do young *bauer*, or farmer,—a bachelor and kind-hearted fellow, but who had an unfortunate knack of knocking people down if they were not particularly civil towards him. "On the little finger of his right-hand he wore," when he was pointed out to us by Herr Gotthelf, "a heavy silver ring, called a *Schlagring* (a smiter). Such rings were formerly very much in fashion, and were particularly handy for making holes in one's head, or for driving a man's teeth down his throat, and were moreover the seals which big farmers' sons impressed on the pates of their underlings." But we have been in worse company than Michel's. We have been out with the wood-stealers; but whether on the Guggisberg or the Schanzgau we must not tell. We have seen a whole family of children yoked to a sledge, dragging a load of forbidden timber to the hut under paternal impulsion, and have now a shrewd notion how to fell and flch a beech or pine-tree in the forests of the Bernbeit. Herr Jeremias introduced us only to one family, and a most interesting family it was. "Whether they had any religion or not nobody knew, at least nobody saw any sign of it. They went seldom or never to church; and if they did

go, it was only to curse the parson." These amiables had a notion—not a singular one in these days—that the world was created on their account; but, because they could make nothing of the world themselves, they were the foes of all those who could, and complained bitterly of the rich. Hereupon our author observes rather dolefully, being a merry man upon the whole, "There are many such people in the Canton of Bern, and a sad sign of the times it is!" We must really coincide with him, especially when we read on (Bd. 2, p. 209), "In winter, if the children had neither shoes nor stockings to go to school in, they swore at the schoolmaster, as if he could help it. What most embittered them against the rich, and made them curse the lustiest, was the matter of wood. They were of opinion that wood grew for everybody, and that everybody might go into the forest, and help himself to wood, just as everybody may go to the brook and slake his thirst. Hence they had a strong objection to laying out a single copper on wood for fuel. But when wood can no longer be bought it must be stolen. Now there is a twofold or threefold mode of stealing—" Our author here enters very minutely into the theory and practice of theft; but, having a care for the morals of our readers, we must decline to follow him. The proprietors of the forests are, of course, the natural enemies of the wood thieves; but, so long as a proprietor does not see the thief on his own estate, he takes no heed of his depredations on a neighbouring proprietor. "What you do there does not matter to me," a proprietor will say to a thief, laughing, "but take care you do not come over the boundary." A sad state of affairs truly. "Yea," continues Herr Jeremias, "there are forest proprietors who will lend a wood thief a horse and sledge, and that very willingly, if the thief intends to steal from some one who is his enemy."

Quitting the stealers of wood, we have walked into the villages here and there, and have been sorry to observe many unsavoury dung-hills before the house-doors, rag-stuffed windows, hingeless doors, tattered thatch, slatternly matrons, dragged wench, grubby chubby urchins, obstreperous pigs, and rebellious donkeys. Such like we can find at home indeed; but who would ever have suspected the country of Tell, about which so many golden and gilded lines have been written? But all this is venial in comparison to what we are now about to mention. Making a jump to Bd. 2, p. 333, we regret to find that on the score of truth-telling the Swiss are no better than ourselves. But there is even an art in lying, as there is an art in stealing. The Spartans punished the clumsy thief. We would that we could hand over to their tender mercies the clumsy liar. Thus, of the clumsy order:

Four comrades were striving who could tell the most marvellous story. Said Sam: "My father's house lay upon a hill where the wind blew fiercer than anywhere else. Behind the house there was a large four-cornered dunghill as in other places; but one morning, after a terribly stormy night, it was found quite round, the wind having shaved the corners clean off." "That's nothing," said Christopher; "I had a chimney that smoked viciously, because there was not sufficient draught. At length, after much expense, I had it cured, and a draught made. Entering the room where this chimney was, one day, with my four-years-old boy, the draught whipt him out of my hand just as I got to the door, carried him clean across the floor, and would have dragged him up the chimney to—God knows where—if I had not luckily caught him by a leg in time." "I know nothing about the strength of the wind," said the third; "but I had a father, the best cattle-doctor that ever was known. Once an Englishman came express to my father out of England with a splendid greyhound, who had lost a leg in a fox-trap. The Englishman brought the leg wrapped-up in a piece of paper, that my father might attach it to the thigh again. While my father was examining the hound, a crow came and carried off the leg, which the Englishman had left out of doors, no one knew whither. My father was not at all embarrassed: he cut off the three other legs of the hound, and made of him a most excellent terrier. The Englishman was delighted, rewarded my father nobly, and returned to England directly with his greyhound converted into a terrier. The fourth knew nothing about the other's father, but he had something to say about his own wife far more surprising. "She may have her equal in some things; but at playing the piano she has not her match in any city in the land. Last new-year's day she played a storm-piece on the piano after dinner, and when in the evening the maid went into the cellar to fetch the cream, behold both milk and cream had been turned by my wife's storm-piece, and the new beer was quite soured." Now who lied the best?

We must decline answering the question.

But we must not be for ever fault-finding. There are fair sides to the picture. There is the well-ordered household, the tidy house-mother, the hospitable house-father, the cleanly maidens, the industrious ploughmen, and cheerful cowherds and milkers. We have had a long day's walk over the hills and along the valley, and reach a snug farm-house late in the evening. A night's lodging is asked for and readily granted. Our supper is the richest cream and white bread frugally mixed with a little rye, set before us on snow-white linen. We lie down between clean sheets, the brook-let that gushes by the door or the night-wind among the cherry-trees singing our lullaby. Our sleep has been sweet, and is timely broken by the sound of the horn—Tira-la-la! We are up, and so are the fowls of the air and all cattle. The kine low, the goats bleat, the colts neigh, and there is no end of cooing on house-top and in pigeon-house. Maids and milk-pails appear in the farm-yard, the daughters are busied in the kitchen, and, if it is hay-month, a regiment of sturdy *burschen*, armed with sickle, rake, and pitchfork, are in motion field-wards. Breakfast time comes. As guests we are seated on the dais, beside the master of the house and his family,—the servants are seated opposite. Grace said, and to work go the spoons. There are full cans of milk, abundance of new rye bread and oatmeal bread for the servants, wheaten bread for the master and stranger, and a compound for all, strongly resembling oatmeal porridge. All is cheerful, and orderly and respectful, and all do full justice to the morning meal. With Gotthelf's assistance we might trace all the doings of the day in the house and in the field. Between the hay and wheat harvest the women are chiefly occupied indoors. There is making and mending, carding and spinning, smoking and salting, cheese-making and butter-making, and much else going on. Out of doors the men-servants are fully occupied in various kinds of farm-work, preparing for the harvest, or preparing for the winter, under the superintendence of the *bauer* himself, or of his grown-up sons. Then comes that important and essential ceremony—the *Mittagessen*—the mid-day eating, in plain English, the dinner. Good appetites once more. How the viands vanish! How jolly all become under the influence of soup! There would appear to be more freedom at the mid-day meal. The lads banter each other, or have a quiet joke with the lasses. And when the innocent beer or buttermilk surmounting the cheese has done its work, it is astonishing how young people of opposite sexes ogle and blush, and betake themselves to treading on one another's toes under the table. Just ask Herr Jeremias Gotthelf on the subject, good reader, if you happen to doubt our veracity.

Of the many good things in these volumes it is impossible to speak at length. "Elsi," the singular maiden, is a tragical tale of pride and its consequences; the "Besom-binder of Rychiswyl," and the tale of "Erdbeeri Marelli" (Strawberry Mary), illustrate Swiss endurance, perseverance, frugality, and benevolence. "The Notary Outwitted" is a new version of an old story, but well told. As already intimated, most of the tales are of a humorous character, here and there a little coarse in dialogue; but, no doubt, illustrative of popular modes of expression. "Joggeli in Search of a Wife" is not a bad story. On the death of his mother he found himself in possession of a good farm and stock of money. His mother had often advised him to get married, but to no purpose; he would be a bachelor. Observe the consequences:

His housekeeping was left to the maid, and that was done ill enough. Since his mother's death, the hens had laid no eggs, at least, few eggs were visible; the cows gave worse milk, and the supply of butter fell off; and the pigs looked up to him from their troughs with watery eyes, complaining of short commons; and yet he was for ever supplying them with more corn.

Joggeli was no bumpkin, however. "He was a jolly boy, and knew all the girls round about the country side; and wherever a rich and pretty maiden was to be seen, he was generally the first under her window." But the girls concluded that he was no "marrying man." Many set their caps at him, but Joggeli was inexorable. He was a philosopher, and wont to say—"It is not all gold that glitters. The girls usually show the bright side, and it is reserved for the husband to discover the dim side." For all this, home became so intolerable to Joggeli, that at length he resolved on getting married; and his wife must

not be sulky, a scold, or a slattern. She must be tidy, pretty, good-natured, and industrious; a large demand, in sooth. Disguised as a tinker, he set out on his errand, at the season of the year already indicated, when maidens are most engaged in domestic duties. He was a sad botch as a tinker, and killed more kettles and milk-cans than ever he cured; but his pseudo-occupation enabled him to see the state of affairs in pantry and kitchen, and who was likely to make the good house-wife. He comes to mend pots and pans at the house of Rösli (Rose). Now, at markets and merry-makings, there was not a smarter girl than Rösli—at home she is another creature. First of home. The hour is dinner-time, and the tinker sits patiently by the kitchen-door awaiting the fare, which is to repay him for mending a milk-ladle. "He sat long by the kitchen-door; but it was long before dinner was ready, and longer before they brought him anything. A spoon was missing, then a can or jug was upset, and then the wife would cry 'Stüdi, where is the dishcloth?' and sometimes, 'Rösli, where is the birch-broom?' Then some wanted milk, and some bread. There was confusion in the kitchen, and confusion in the cellar. At last the tinker was brought something which ought to have been a soup, but which looked like dirty water, and the bread looked like a piece of felt-hat." The tinker saw but ate not. Next of Rösli. He saw the pretty one dab her fingers into the omelet, descend into the cellar and return fragrant of wine, and sit down to her needle-work with unwashed hands. Rösli is not at all to his mind, and like an impudent rogue he began to reprove her. "The maiden ran howling to her father and mother to make complaint. The father swore, the mother scolded, the dog barked, the cat mewed, all was in uproar,—and in the midst of the din the tinker took his leave, laughing." Another evening he laid down his burden before a house where "the roof was bad but the dung-heap large. At one end of the dung-heap was a pig-sty, at the other a heap of ill-stacked wood. Shirts and petticoats hung upon the garden hedge. . . His quarters in a stall were pointed out to him. The bed was as dirty as the cow that stood in the stall, and he ran the risk of receiving her wash over his head." The tinker chooses no wife at this place. On another occasion, "the host's daughter did not please him. Her slippers did not fit, she stuck her thumbs too deep into the *krout* which she brought him, gave him sour looks, and trod as heavily about the floor as if she had five corns on each foot." His pilgrimage was drawing towards a close when he lights upon the happy abode of Anna Mareili—"a tall slim maiden, with fair hair, a clean slip and clean hands." Matters here were more to the tinker's mind. He sat down to table with the servants. "Everything looked neat and clean, the people were mannerly, grace was said decently, and all told that both God and master were held in reverence. The soup was not superfluously thick, but good; the broth was not singed; the milk only slightly soured; the bread not without rye, but savoury and not a century old." Anna Mareili is the girl for Joggeli. But did she not box the tinker's ears soundly when the rogue tried to snatch a kiss when all backs were turned? And did he not say that she would be better pleased to see the face than the back of him some fourteen days afterwards? And did he not come at the appointed time, not as a robber nor as a king's son, as Anna Mareili variously dreamt of him, but a fine young farmer, riding in a smart waggon, to ask her to become his wife? And she did not refuse.

If we had space we would have told more about our acquaintance Michel of the Cudgel, and how he went a-wooing and how he fared. Also much about Easter-eggs and various observances and superstitions that obtain among the Swiss peasantry.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

(Continued from page 127.)

Syracuse.

The *Latomia* of Syracuse have been described by writers, ancient and modern, in terms that have not exaggerated their uniquely picturesque aspect. They were originally the quarries out of which the city was built, and afterwards converted into places of confinement for prisoners of war, who were constrained to toil at the formation of immense caves in their perpendicular sides, as more secure and sheltered places of captivity. Here the Athenians, made prisoners

after the defeat of Nicias, were doomed to spend the remainder of their days, when that exception was made, regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of poetry, in favour of those who could recite the verses of Euripides. There are several of these *Latomia*, of great depth, irregular and meandering in their directions, from about one to two miles in circumference. One is occupied by a delicious garden pertaining to the villa of a nobleman (a Borgia); another by the orchard of a Capuchin convent, where, sheltered from all winds, the olive, the fig, and pomegranate arrive at their highest perfection; the acanthus and a profusion of wild flowers carpet the ground, and the stupendous piles of rock, some approaching to the obelisk, others to the castellated form, others lying (like gigantic ruins) on the level, hurled from their heights by shocks of earthquake, as seen above the luxuriant foliage of these southern trees, present a variety of studies the most beautiful for a landscape painter. Off one angle of the most extensive *Latomia* opens the enormous cavern called the "Ear of Dionysius," the most wonderful of these excavations, from its proportions (about 180 feet in length, and 80 in height), the perfect smoothness of finish and architectural appearance of its workmanship, the solemn obscurity, and extraordinary echo. The custode here fired, for my benefit, a small mortar, the effect of whose report was like a burst of thunder, long-resounding, and rolling, as it were, through the very heart of the rocks with awe-striking grandeur. Outside we discern, at a great height above the mouth of this cavern, a small cell cut in the rock, from which tradition says that Dionysius the elder used to listen to the conversation of the prisoners below (hence the designation of the great cavern, though the resemblance of its peculiar curvature to the outline of an ear, the tympanum of which is represented by a chamber hollowed near the centre, might have alone suggested this); but the story must be rejected by common sense, and history informs us that these *Latomia* were only used for the commonest classes of prisoners, and for those taken in war, never for the distinguished or political offenders. The access to this cell, moreover, is so difficult, even dangerous, that the tyrant would hardly have chosen it for a place of habitual resort; and the enterprising Denon set the question to rest at once, by being himself let down into it from the summit of the precipice: the testimony he was thus enabled to supply being that the voices of two persons talking together in the cavern only reached this spot in a tumult of sounds, completely confused; that of one raised in a whisper, only in an inarticulate *frémissement*. A later discovery has thrown further light on the purposes to which this excavation may have been applied. About seven years ago was discovered and opened a winding passage, connecting the so-called "Ear" with the stage of the Greek Theatre, whose ruins the traveller still visits above, the cavity of this passage opening on the channel, like a groove, by which the vaulted roof of the cavern is finished—hence the theory has been advanced that the production of acoustic effects on the stage may have been the only purpose of this vast excavation; and certainly the thunder announcing the apparition or the wrath of heathen deities could not have been simulated with more thrilling awfulness than by such an agency.

Leaving the fortifications of the modern city, we arrive, after some hours of toilsome walking over rocks and loose stones, under the fortress of Labdalo, built by Nicias, in the quarter called Tyche, the only remains of which consist of enormous masses of wrought rock, a quarry, in fact, rather than an edifice, but having at a distance the appearance of towers and bastions rising out of a deep fosse. Advancing about a mile further, we reach the highest point of the city, in the quarter called Epipolis, the angle which this terminates being occupied by the fortress of Hexapylus. Here a mass of Cyclopean masonry still stands above a spacious oblong court, whose outline is clearly distinguished in the natural pavement of rock, though no edifices rise around its other side. Ascending these ruins, now a quadrate and solid pile of stone-work, we may believe ourselves on the very spot from which Marcellus looked down upon the entire panorama presented by a city then the most populous and beautiful of the world, and wept at the thought of its impending fate! Now we look over an uninhabited boundless waste, strewn with formless ruins scarcely to be distinguished as works whose construction is due to man, and gradually sloping towards a solitary coast only enlivened by the details of the modern city in the distance, the fortifications of Charles V., and the few inconsiderable merchant-ships that alone occupy a port once the finest and most frequented of Europe. But the view, on the other hand, presents noble features—the bay and fortified city of Augustus (on the site of the ancient Megara Hyblea); a long range of low but gracefully undulating mountains, still called the Hyblean (and still renowned, as of old, for the delicious honey of the bees who pasture here upon wild thyme); above every other object the soaring form of Etna, more majestic from its isolation amidst a comparatively low region; and a vast extent of the Ionian Sea, the blue of whose waters, on the day I made this expedition, was absolutely resplendent, brought more into relief by the prevailing grey and arid colours of the whole proximate landscape. Below this tower, the gateway which Marcellus forced, after his troops had scaled and occupied the walls on every

side, is still in preservation, together with a line of bastions surrounded by a moat, the piers of a lofty bridge, and the remains of an outer tower, which had thus communicated with the principal castle. We still can enter and penetrate to a considerable distance the subterranean passages under the Hexapylus, once so lofty that mounted troops could pass through them, when the intention was to make sallies against the besiegers, but now much lowered by accumulations of soil and ruin.

No works of excavation have been effected in the Greek theatre or the Roman amphitheatre here for many years. The proscenium and stage of the former are buried under mounds of earth; and all the fragments of their architectonic details ever extricated from the superincumbent soil were used for the fortifications of Charles V. Those two edifices in a great degree owe their present state of preservation, the interest and beauty that still attach to their remains, to the circumstance of their being formed almost as much by nature as by art, the Cavea, Cunei, and Precinctones being, in the major part, cut out of the solid rock, where its sides naturally sloped towards a level, easily adapted to the purposes of drama and orchestra.

The Temple of Minerva, the earliest dedicated to her in Ortigia, has owed its preservation to the construction within its vast colonnades of the actual cathedral, and has thus served as a place of worship for upwards of 2500 years.

The only modern works of art at all remarkable here are a painting by Caravaggio, in the Franciscan church, of the interment of St. Lucia, which earlier travellers have described as reduced to the condition of a mere shadow, but which has lately been restored—a powerful composition of much dramatic effect, but not free from that master's characteristic coarseness; and a recumbent statue of the same saint in an octagon chapel over her tomb—this being a most beautiful figure, represented in a species of ideal repose, between slumber and death, as if hovering between the confines of both; the countenance full of placid sweetness and saintly rapture, the drapery and general execution admirable, though partaking of the style which indicates a period of degradation from the higher principles of art. It is a strange instance of the apathy and ignorance found among the Syracusans of this day, that even professional ciceroni cannot inform us who was the sculptor of this statue!

The most complete and voluminous work on the antiquities of Syracuse is by the Chevalier Landolina (the same who founded the museum), published here about the end of the last century. A guide-book was printed here in 1835 by Giuseppe Politi, whose son is now the only educated and really efficient cicerone to be found; being also an artist of taste and versatility. This individual (whose services I must acknowledge with gratitude) is preparing an enlarged edition, with illustrations, of his father's volume. Nothing else have I to add to complete the history of modern literature in Syracuse.

THE BUDGET.—It may be useful to inform Prestonians, that, in a recent work, on political economy, M. Ch. Coquelin says that the word "budget," in its present signification, has passed into France from England; the latter country having first borrowed it from the old French language—*bougette* signifying (and particularly in old Norman) a leather purse. It was the custom in England to put into a leather bag the estimates of receipts and expenditure presented to Parliament. In France the word was first used in an official manner in the *arrêts* of the Consuls, 4th Thermidor, year X. and 17th Germinal, year XI.—*Notes and Queries.*

MISS HELEN FAUCIT.—In a chapter of Sir Arch. Alison's new volume of the *History of Europe*, devoted to the consideration of literature and the fine arts, the historian says:—"If powers of the very highest order, united to fascinating beauty, and the most lofty conceptions of the dignity and moral objects of her art, could have arrested the degradation of the stage, Miss Helen Faucit would have done so. She is a combination of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill; with the majestic air and lofty thoughts, but not the commanding figure, of the former, and as great pathetic power, and not less winning grace, but without the regular features, of the latter. Variety is her great characteristic, versatility her distinguishing feature. Like Garrick, she excels equally in tragedy or elegant comedy: it is hard to say whether her 'Rosalind' is the more charming or her 'Lady Teazle' the more fascinating, or her 'Juliet' the more heart-rending. Dark raven locks, a fine figure, and singularly expressive countenance, bestow on her all the advantages which, in addition to the highest mental gifts, beauty never ceases to confer on woman; and a disposition marked by deep feeling, alternately lively and serious, sportive and mournful, playful and contemplative, gives her that command of the expression of different emotions, and that versatility of power, which constitute her great and unequalled charm. She has the highest conception of the dignity and moral capabilities of her art, and by the uniform chasteness and delicacy of her performances, does the utmost to uphold it in its native purity."

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS TERTIUS.

I. NEW BOOKS.

The Association Medical Journal of the 4th of March contains, in a leading article, some severe strictures "On the Laws and Ethics of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society." It appears that, by Royal Charter, the election of the officers and council annually is vested in the hands of the Fellows; whereas, by actual usage, founded on a by-law, the election is practically in the hands of the council, and the provision, by virtue of which the Fellows should have that privilege, is *de facto* nullified. This we know is a very common thing in societies similarly constituted, and is often contrived as an antidote to the evils of popular election, which, it cannot be denied, is often attended with inconvenience. For example, during the last six or seven weeks an active canvass has been going on among the Fellows of the Medical Society of London for the appointment of president, vice-presidents, councillors, secretary, and orators. It cannot be said that the dignity of the society is promoted by these purity-of-election proceedings; nor is it by any means certain that the results of the election will be eminently demonstrative of the advantages of popular suffrage. Yet it may be true that the closed-door system is especially liable to abuse; and it becomes those high-minded gentlemen who have constituted themselves the reformers of the Royal Charter, in order to save the society from disgrace, to see that their own "recommendations" are unsullied. Our readers must judge for themselves on this point; and they will find the facts detailed under the head of "Chit-Chat." In the same number of this journal we find the following "Illustrations of the Caprices of the Nervous System," communicated by Mr. Gallwey, of the Royal Artillery:—"Case 1. *Intermittent Hysterical Chorea*.—A married lady, without children, eminently hysterical, and now and then affording in her own person strange and anomalous illustrations of that mysterious temperament, was attacked at midnight, while in bed, and without warning, with sudden twitching of both upper and lower extremities, the muscles of respiration participating so much in the irregular action as to occasion considerable distress to that function. The tongue, however, could be protruded and withdrawn at pleasure, and evinced none of that peculiarity of jerk so characteristic of choreic phenomena in general. Although the muscular movements were limited to what might be strictly called *twitches*, and never rose to the importance of true choreic spasms, they were nevertheless exceedingly violent in character, and occasioned so much suffering to the subject of them, as to leave her exhausted and bathed in perspiration. The attack lasted for three quarters of an hour. Throughout the mind was clear, and consciousness unclouded. I administered stimulants; and the lady was quite well in the morning. Several weeks afterwards she had a milder recurrence of the attack while in bed at night. Case 2. *Curious Reflex Phenomena*.—A lady, under my care for common cold, which had been accompanied by severe cough, the latter, however, having left her, had retired to her room for the night. She sat for some time by the fire undressed, before betaking herself to bed. Scarcely had she drawn the clothes around her when she was seized with a sudden and suffocating cough, which no change of posture influenced or controlled. After enduring this for half an hour, she rushed out of bed for relief, and immediately found it at the fire-side. After a while she went to bed again, when precisely the same thing occurred to her a second time, with the like instantaneous cessation of the cough on again removing to the fire. As I happened to be in the house at the time, I was summoned to this lady, who, in a casual remark which she dropped on the occasion, enunciated a physiological truth which cleared up the obscurity of the case at once; and this was, that she was certain it was the *coldness of her sheets*, which she felt to be excessive on the occasion, that had given rise to and kept up the cough. I had previously examined the state of the uvula, but found nothing whatever in the condition of that body to warrant my suspicion that the exciting cause of the cough resided there. At length my patient enveloped her head and mouth in flannel, and returned a third time to bed, without the least recurrence of the cough. Although this last circumstance at first sight might favour the notion that it was to the inhalation of cold air, and consequent irritation of the air-passages, that the cough was in reality due, I have little doubt that the phenomena were true reflex ones, induced by the sudden contact of excessively cold sheets; because, had the air of that part of the room in which the bed stood been sufficiently irritating to originate the cough, it is reasonable to suppose it would not have delayed its operation until my patient had got into bed. At least,

I think my physiology as much entitled to respect as that of those who explain the cry of the infant on its first arrival upon 'this teeming stage of strife,' to be dependent on the play of atmospheric air upon its surface: or of Ambrose Paré's physiology in relation to the cause of the variety of shape in the human nose divine; to wit, that its length and goodness simply depend upon the *softness and fluidity of the nurse's breast*, and that the flatness and shortness of other noses result from the firmness and elastic repulsion of the same organ of nutrition in the hale and robust!"

II. EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

Epidemiological Society.—On Monday the 7th of February, Mr. Grainger read a paper before this society on the "Influence of Noxious Effluvia on the Origin and Propagation of Epidemic Diseases." This is one of the most important of all the interesting papers which this society has elicited. It has been thought of sufficient consequence to be printed entire in the *Association Medical Journal*, and, in very full abstract, in the *Medical Times and Gazette*. We shall endeavour to give such an outline as shall interest every reader; for who is not more or less exposed to the noxious influence of those causes which originate and diffuse epidemic diseases? Mr. Grainger states, in the outset, that the predisposing causes of epidemics are infinitely more important than the immediate or exciting causes. "In regard to low fever, for example, it is certain that its efficient cause, the *materies morbi*, is never absent from London and other large towns, and yet it is rarely, many would say never, developed, unless there be superadded to it some predisposing cause. So true is this, that we not only daily see in the metropolis and elsewhere, hundreds and thousands of persons living in the front streets exempt from typhoid fever, while the inhabitants of the wretched courts behind are scarcely ever free from it; but if by chance a given number of persons are planted in the very centre of an epidemic district, but freed from the recognised causes of zymotic affections, they also, as a rule, will still escape." These predisposing causes, Mr. Grainger points out, are breathing the polluted atmosphere of close unventilated rooms, filled with the effluvia of human respiration and perspiration, or living in the immediate neighbourhood of cess-pools, privies, or stagnant drains, in which the excrementitious and effete matters of the human body are allowed to collect in a highly putrescent condition, so that their effluvia, mixed with atmospheric air, shall enter the lungs of the inhabitants and poison their blood. The blood being thus poisoned, a low and enfeebled condition of existence ensues; and where the health is not palpably damaged, the general tone is reduced, and in this state the system becomes remarkably susceptible of any morbid influence which may be carried to the neighbourhood in an epidemic form. Mr. Grainger illustrates this principle by abundant facts. He traces the ravages of the cholera in 1849, among the inmates of a reformatory establishment for young women (fifteen per cent. of whom died of the pestilence), to the condition of the dormitories, which were not only low and much crowded, but, the windows being partly blocked up for the sake of seclusion, the ventilation was greatly interfered with. He refers to the experience of every medical man whose duties call him much among the poor, as to whether fever does not frequently visit or constantly infest closely-packed lodging-houses, houses built back to back, small unventilated sleeping apartments, ill-built cottages in rural districts with their one bed-room, over-hanging thatch, and small lattice, and every abode where the effluvia of the human lungs and skin form a large proportion of the gas respired by its inhabitants. One of his best illustrations is selected from the collier vessels frequenting the Thames. Sailors, as a body, are not subject to fever, and the collier sailors are in the prime of life, robust, and well-fed; but their dormitory, the fore-castle, is very small and confined, and when they arrive in London, as only one man is required to keep watch, nearly all hands turn in at night and occupy their closely-packed berths. Hence it happens that, of all the vessels in the Thames, the colliers are most subject to typhus. Mr. Grainger next traces the influence of effluvia arising from privies and cess-pools as a very common cause of fever; and this cause he shows exists often where it is least suspected, of which the author had a curious proof a few years ago when inquiring into the disinfecting properties of the nitrate of lead. "On visiting the Fever Hospital, the wards were found to be, as they always are, scrupulously clean, and perfectly devoid of smell. The day of the month was written on one of the walls with the colourless liquid; and on examining the writing next day, the letters had become evident by their dark colour, owing to the presence in the air of sulphuretted hydrogen, and the consequent formation of sulphuret of lead." Gastric fever of a low character, and often of the remittent type, vomitings,

diarrhoea, dysentery, and cholera, are the constant results of what may be called "privy atmosphere." During the late heavy rains this pollution has infected many houses inhabited by the upper classes, in consequence of the kitchens being flooded and undrained, the water having access to the servants' privy and the cesspool of the water-closet, on the same level with the kitchen. At a bathing-place on the South-Western coast, in November and December last, an attack of fever occurred among the higher ranks, wholly attributable to this cause. The houses became extremely fetid, and fever was very fatal. In every low locality, where deep drainage is either neglected or impracticable, this evil occasionally occurs. Mr. Grainger concludes his paper with suggestions relating to sanitary improvements of a simple and feasible character, which, if carried out, would go far towards abolishing the most fatal class of diseases, or at all events circumscribing very materially their fatal influence. This he proves by showing that, whereas the lower class of lodging-houses in London are perfect pest-houses, generating and diffusing zymotic disease in all its forms, yet in the model lodging-houses erected under Lord Shaftesbury's Act, which Mr. Grainger examined in May 1851, among 1507 inhabitants, only one case of typhus had occurred since their erection: one of these institutions, with 550 inmates, having been opened three years and a half. And at the time of the cholera the population of these houses amounted to 795; and yet there was only one case of cholera; whilst among the population of London generally, including all classes, one person in every 151 died, and about one in every seventy-five was attacked.

III. MEDICAL CHIT CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

Adulteration of lard.—Few of our readers probably will suspect that lard is frequently adulterated with potatoe flour, water, salt, potash, alum, soda, and lime. This is particularly the case with the keg-lard manufactured in England; Irish keg-lard being but rarely adulterated.

Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society.—The anniversary meeting of this society was held on Tuesday, the president in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected:—president, James Copland, M.D., F.R.S.; vice-presidents, James Alderson, M.D., F.R.S.; Thomas Alfred Barker, M.D.; Martin Ware; Benjamin Phillips, F.R.S.;—treasurers, Robert Nairne, M.D.; Richard Quain, F.R.S.;—secretaries, William R. Basham, M.D.; Holmes Coote;—librarians, Henry Pitman, M.D.; James Dixon;—other members of council, Thos. Addison, M.D.; Thomas Graham Balfour, M.D.; George Chaplin Child, M.D.; William Dingle Chowne, M.D.; Mervyn A. N. Crawford, M.D.; William Bowman, F.R.S.; John George French; James Ranald Martin, F.R.S.; Edward Stanley, F.R.S.; and Thomas Tatum.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

MINERALOGY.

GOLD.—The discovery of this metal in California and Australia, and the excitement consequent thereon, lends interest to reports, whenever apparently trustworthy, of the occurrence of this metal in new localities, even when found in quantities far too small to pay for the labour and cost of extraction. The knowledge of the wide distribution of gold over the earth's surface is no new thing; but we are struck when we read of its presence in countries long inhabited by civilised man, but where its existence has never been suspected. Of these countries, Pennsylvania, U.S., is a very recent instance, Dr. Wetherill having described some earth which he examined from Franconia township, Montgomery county, in that State, which contained gold. On examination, several of the rocks of the neighbourhood, such as clay-slate and ferruginous quartz, proved, for the most part, to contain this metal. The earth first mentioned, taken from a well which had lately been dug, consisted of sand and gravel mixed with fragments of slate. By washing, native tin, gold in spangles, iron pyrites, and magnetic oxide of iron, were separated, the amount of gold being about six grains in every 100 pounds of earth. It is also announced that a search for this metal, ordered to be instituted in Arran, in Scotland, has been successful, gold having been found towards the north of the island. Whilst treating of these discoveries I may be allowed to put on record that gold in considerable masses was known to exist in California by mineralogists long before its discovery in such abundance in that locality; for I perfectly well remember the late curator of the Museum of Practical Geology describing to me a lump of Californian gold weighing about three pounds, which belonged to a Birmingham gentleman, by whom it was frequently entrusted to the narrator, as a lecture specimen, more than twenty years ago.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

THE GRAPE DISEASE.—Although in giving the following details I may fairly stand open to the charge

of travelling out of my limits, yet I am inclined to think that many will find their advantage from their perusal, especially, as is probable, should this disease make its appearance again this year. In the Academy of Sciences at Paris last year, during the vintage season, this question, I may well say of vital importance to the French Empire, was thoroughly debated on the occasion of M. Chenot informing the Academy that he had found the best remedy was water heated to 176° Fahrenheit, which causes the parasite to perish, leaving the fruit uninjured, although the leaves are destroyed, shrivelling up as if burnt.

This elicited from M. Payen, at the request of Thenard, a statement of the data collected by the National and Central Agricultural Society of France, respecting the best means of arresting the development and preventing the ravages of the parasite, which appears to constitute this disease of the vine. The process recommended as having proved the most successful, is to wash the vines with a weak solution of sulphuret of calcium. This may be prepared by boiling in an earthen vessel half-a-pound of flour of sulphur, and the same quantity of the best slaked lime, in a gallon of water, for a quarter of an hour, and adding it to about eighty gallons of water, in which a handful of slaked lime has previously been stirred to get quit of the carbonic acid. This solution should not be made before it is wanted, and used as soon as it is ready as quickly as possible after the vines are seen to be affected, by sprinkling the entire plant, leaves, tendrils and wood with the solution by means of a common sprinkling pump or syringe. This watering is to be continued day by day until the disease disappears, which it usually does in four or five days, although the solution may be used on the vines for a long period without injuring them. The results of this treatment, wherever tried, have been so greatly successful, as to induce the Minister of Agriculture to appoint a commission to investigate and report upon the trials in the various vine districts in France, and are amply sufficient to encourage our horticulturists to have recourse to a method rational in theory, and apparently successful in practice.

HERMES.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

Messrs. CLARKE, BEETON and Co. have published a well-executed lithograph portrait of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Judging by the other portraits we have seen, it seems to be an accurate likeness, and the price is very low.—The collection of water-colour drawings of the English school, formed by the late Mr. J. S. Wilson, has brought unusually good prices under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson. A good example of Cattermole (of ordinary size) brought 35*l.* 1*s.*—a fair Sydney Cooper realized 46*l.*—two Dewints went for severally 42*l.*—Arrangements are now in progress for the restoration of the paintings which decorate the cupola of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. The work has been intrusted to Mr. Parris.—The duplicate of Hoppner's fine three-quarter portrait of Mr. Pitt was sold at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's last week for 61*l.*—A motion made in the House of Commons by Col. Mure for "the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the management of the National Gallery, and to consider in what mode the collective monuments of antiquity and fine art possessed by the nation may be most securely preserved, judiciously augmented, and advantageously exhibited to the public," has been agreed to.—For the great Murillo, purchased by the French Government for 23,400*l.*, and for which the Emperor of Russia bid 23,400*l.* and the Marquis of Hertford, 23,200*l.* the British Government sanctioned an expenditure of 7000*l.* only.—A model sent in by Mr. E. W. Wyon, has been selected from among the designs sent in to the committee for raising a monument in Rushall churchyard to the memory of the late Mr. George Richardson Porter, of the Board of Trade.—The Royal Commission of the Fine Arts which has charge of the decorations of the New Palace at Westminster, has determined on giving further commissions in execution of the sculpture series that is to embellish the House of Lords. A statute of Lord Mansfield has been assigned to the chisel of Mr. Baily, the Royal Academician.—"With a view," says the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, "to extend the knowledge and appreciation of the art of Photography as far as possible, the Council have recently addressed circulars to all the contributors to the late Photographic Exhibition, asking for their aid, either by the loan or presentation of specimens of their productions, in the formation of a collection to be circulated throughout the country, and exhibited at the different Literary and Scientific Institutions and Mechanics' Institutes in union with the Society.—The Photographic Society have commenced the publication of a Journal.

The Prince of Canino's pictures, which were to be seen on Tuesday last, were sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson.—The commission for the monument to be erected to the memory of Pope Pius VIII., in St. Peter's, by direction of the will of Cardinal Albani, has been given to the sculptor Tenerani. The late cardinal left 20,000 scudi for this purpose.—A monumental obelisk has been erected at Kriebowitz

to the memory of Blucher; it is composed of massive blocks of granite, quarried in the neighbourhood. It contains the ashes of the Marshal, and is ornamented with a half-length medallion portrait of him.—M. Friederich, a sculptor of Strasburg, has resolved to erect a statue of red mountain stone in honour of St. Bernard de Menton, founder of the well-known hospital on the pass which bears his name. It is to stand near the hospital, and will be the most elevated monument in Europe.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE brilliant series of London concerts has now fairly begun; the performance of the *Creation* by the London Sacred Harmonic Society, on the evening of the 2nd, gave much satisfaction to the subscribers. The solo parts were very effectively sung by Mr. Sunderland, Miss C. Henderson, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Phillips. The Sacred Harmonic repeated *Judas Maccabeus* on the 4th with increased effect. The Harmonic Union performed in Exeter Hall on Tuesday evening, the 8th inst., the oratorio of *Elijah*. Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Dolby, who were in excellent voice, displayed their power to the best advantage, and their performances were admirable. The mezzo-soprano music was executed by Miss Bassano, who sang important recitatives in an unexceptionable manner. The other singers were Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Chambers, Miss F. Rusland, Mr. Lawler, Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Smythson, and Mr. Walker. The execution of the oratorio on the whole was faulty. Some of the chorusses were taken in too rapid a time, and the composer's meaning was frequently obscured. At the next concert, Mr. C. Horsley will conduct himself his own oratorio, entitled *Joseph*, which is announced for repetition.

M. Alexandre Billet's second concert of classical pianoforte music took place at the Hanover-square Rooms on the 2nd instant, and the programme consisted of selections from the music of Mendelssohn, Handel, Moscheles, Schubert, Dussell, Bennett, Macfarren, and others. M. Billet displayed extraordinary manual dexterity and masterly ease. The vocal music was admirably sung by Madame Macfarren. On the same evening, Herr Jansa's sacred entertainment took place at the New Beethoven Rooms. The chamber music comprised an early sonata by Beethoven, a couple of pieces by the pianist, M. A. Hennen, Mozart's admirable quartett in D minor, and other pieces of inferior interest, if we except a very clever composition by Herr Jansa, a quartett in A minor, which was performed for the first time, pleased extremely, and was remarkably well played by the composer, assisted by Messrs. Hennen, Goffrie, and W. F. Reed. The third chamber concert of the Musical Winter Evenings took place on Thursday evening the 3rd instant, commencing with Spohr's very difficult quintett in G, No. 2, op. 33, which served to display the executive genius of Herr Molique to the best possible advantage, nor did he fail to win the homage of all true musicians present by the grace, purity, and grandeur of his style. The other well-known pieces in the programme, Beethoven's sonata in D, op. 10, Mozart's quintett in E flat, and Mendelssohn's grand trio in C minor, op. 66, were admirably rendered; the executants being Herr Molique, M. Mellon, Herr Goffrie, Mr. Webb, Signor Piatti, and Herr C. Halle. Madlle. Doria made a favourable impression by singing a new German song, composed by Goldberg, entitled *Vöglein, wohin so schnell*.

The first concert for the present season of the Amateur Musical Society took place on Monday evening, the 7th, at the Hanover-square rooms. The programme consisted, among other pieces, of Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor, Wallace's overture to *Maritana*, Mendelssohn's adagio and rondo for pianoforte, Auber's overture to *Le Lac des Fées*, Meyerbeer's second selection from *Robert le Diable*, and Rossini's overture to *Il Turco in Italia*. Mendelssohn's symphony was well played. A "Funeral March to the Memory of the late Duke of Wellington," composed by Mr. Vincent S. Jervis, was remarkable for its phrases and harmonies, the former of which were broad and well-rhythmed, and the latter correct. The instrumentation was fanciful and ingenious.

The debut of Miss Ellen Conran at the Philharmonic Concert-room, Dublin, on Thursday week, as a vocalist, is a noticeable event. This young lady is the daughter of Mr. W. S. Conran, a pianist of great fame in his native city, and whose name is well known in the artistic circles of London. She is reported to possess personal attractions, and rare vocal powers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A TRANSLATION has been lately issued of HERR LEDEL'S (of Breslau) treatise on *The Organ and its Construction*; a systematic handbook for organists, organ builders, &c. It fully describes the mechanism and management of that magnificent instrument.—Mr. JAMES T. HASKINS has edited *Teggs's Improved Pianoforte Preceptor*, which certainly possesses the merit of teaching in a very clear and intelligible manner. The same editor has likewise, with equal success, brought out a *Concertina Preceptor*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THE Royal Italian Opera will be opened on Tuesday the 29th. There is every prospect of a brilliant and successful season.—The scenery, stage machinery, theatre, dresses, and other properties of the Amateur Company of the Guild of Literature and Art, have been purchased by a gentleman of Birmingham for 200*l.*—In America, the chief names before the musical world are still Madame Sontag and Albani. The young Creole pianist, Gottschalk, is attracting much admiration.—A debut of importance has taken place at the theatre of the Court of Paris—that of Mlle. Lablache, daughter of the great basso. She appeared as *Maria*, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and made a triumphant hit. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of great power and sweetness.—The *Gazette Musicale* states, that a singing society of Cologne gentlemen has entered into engagements with Mr. Mitchell to give some concerts in London during the season.—The Vienna Italian Opera season commenced on the 2nd with Rossini's *Semiramide*, which was but indifferently sung in the presence of an audience who had heard Fodor, Lablache, and Rubini, when in their prime, give the principal parts.—A M. Manguin, who was born blind, has just obtained the place of organist of the Cathedral of Meaux, France, after brilliantly supporting a public competition with several able players. He is only twenty-two years of age.—The Hamburg papers tell a tale of a tenor of marvellous beauty and power having been found by a musician singing to a hurdy-gurdy in the streets,—of his having been engaged on the spot at a large salary,—and of his having been immediately placed under accomplished masters.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

A TRANSLATION of Mr. Macaulay's Essays, &c., has appeared at Brunswick, in six volumes. The sixth volume contains the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. A French translation of Mr. Macaulay's *History of England* has just been published by Baron Peyronnet.—An important classical work is about to be issued from the Cambridge University Press, the *Orations of Hyperides for Lycophron and for Euxenippus*, now first printed in fac-simile from the manuscript obtained at Western Thebes in 1847, with an account of its discovery, by Joseph Ardee, Esq. F.S.A.—*Kosmos* has become almost as popular as a novel. It has been translated into Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Italian, Russian, and Polish; twice into the French language, and four times into English. The fourth volume of this admirable work has just appeared.—Messrs. Bagster have in the press a learned essay on the proper names of the five books of Moses, under the title of "Onomasticon Pentateuchi."—*David Copperfield* has made a decided hit in Paris: it is already in its third edition. The translator is M. Amade Pichot, the well-known editor of the *Revue Britannique*, and the translator of Lord Byron.—"The Life and Writings of William Paterson, of Dumfriesshire, founder of the Bank of England and of the Colony of Darien," is announced for publication, by Mr. S. Bannister, formerly Attorney-General of New South Wales.—Mr. Ticknor's valuable work on Spanish literature has recently been published in a Spanish translation, by Gayangos and Vidal (Madrid, 1851-52), with considerable additions. Only two volumes have hitherto appeared. About the same time it was translated by Dr. N. H. Julius into German. 2 vols. (Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1852.) This German translation is enriched by numerous supplements, partly written by the great Spanish scholar, Ferdinand Wolf, partly the result of the translator's own studies. The additions of the Spanish translators are moreover, in this German version, incorporated in Mr. Ticknor's work.—A member of the Civil Service of the H.E.I. Company, on the Bengal establishment, has offered the sum of 3000*l.* for the best essay in the English language in refutation of the errors of Hindu philosophy, according to the Vedante, Nyaya, and Sankhya systems.—A complete, minute, and exact map of France is about to be terminated after thirty-five years' incessant labour, and at an expense of nearly 400,000*l.* It is the grandest work of the kind ever undertaken.

Professor Ayton, of the University of Edinburgh, the author of the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, and known to many more from his connexion with *Blackwood's Magazine*, is about to deliver a course of public lectures in Edinburgh, "On the Nature, Forms, and Development of Poetry."—Mr. Charles Millward, President of the Liverpool Literary and Dramatic Society, has been lecturing with considerable success on "the Life and Writings of Thomas Hood."—On Tuesday week, that day being the centenary of the birth of the elder Roscoe, a public breakfast was given in Liverpool in celebration of the event.—A pension of 100*l.* a year has been granted to Mr. Jerdan, editor of the *Literary Gazette* from its commencement in 1817 to the close of 1850, in consideration of his literary labours.—At the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society Sir R. I. Murchison communicated the fact that a pension had been obtained by Lord Palmerston for the widow of Mr. Richardson, the lamented fellow-traveller in Africa of Dr. Barth, and of the equally-lamented Dr. Over-

weg.—At the last Court of Common Council, the Freedom of the City of London was presented to Dr. Layard, in a gold box worth 100*l*.—Professor James Nichol, of Queen's College, Cork, has been appointed to the Chair of Natural History in the Marischal College, Aberdeen, in room of the late Professor William Macgillivray.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, with her husband, Dr. Stowe, and some other members of their family, proceed direct to Scotland by the steamship *Glasgow*, which sails from New York on the 26th of March.—Byron's fair and loved Countess de Guiccioli has become a senatoress of France.—Dr. Gervinus, the eminent historian, has just been tried by the Criminal Court of Mannheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, on the charge of high treason, for having published his *Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century*. The trial has ended by his acquittal of that charge, but by his conviction on the lesser one of exciting to sedition, and by his condemnation in consequence to ten months' imprisonment.

The merit of the original invention of the motive power of heated air, as applied in Ericsson's Caloric Engine, is due to Dr. Robert Stirling, a clergyman of the Church of Scotland.—A sale of several hundred autographs took place in Paris a few days ago. Amongst them we noticed Shakspeare, which fetched 111 francs; Walter Scott thirty-five francs.—The international treaty securing the intellectual and literary rights of England and America from piracy has been signed.—The Duchies of Anhalt Bernburg and Anhalt Dessau have acceded to the treaty between Great Britain and Prussia for the protection of literary property.—Government has recognised the necessity for a total change in our system of colonial postage, and admitted the truth and force of all the principles which have of late been current on the subject.—The society of bookbinders has been enabled to add a new wing to their almshouses at Balls Pond.—At the last Court of Common Council a resolution was unanimously adopted in favour of establishing a free library and free circulating library in the city of London.—An unusual degree of prosperity was indicated in the report of the Printers' Pension Society, presented on Monday last at the London Tavern. The last dinner of the society, under the chairmanship of Mr. Douglas Jerrold, realised 400*l*, the largest amount ever collected.—The Literary Fund has just held its annual meeting. The income of the year, exclusive of dividends, appears to be 1045*l* 5*s*.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

DRURY-LANE.—A *School for Kings*; a Drama, in three acts, by an Anonymous Author. *The Turkish Lovers*; an Oriental Spectacle, by Captain Armstrong. Mr. Sands, the American Suspensionist.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mlle. Luther; M. Lafont. HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THIS *School for Kings* was but a poor affair, hissed and laughed at, and hooted from the first. Mr. Smith brought it forward for his own benefit on Monday night, and withdrew it for that of the public on the following Thursday. No one appears to know who wrote it; and no one appears to care. It may be a crib from the French, or the Danish, or the High Dutch; no one has busied himself in detecting the plagiarism. You had a King of Bavaria who lost his throne, and a heroine who assisted him to regain it;—but, stay! how shall we describe a plot which nobody has yet discovered? The best plan will be to say nothing about it. Nothing of good, for conscience' sake; nothing of evil, lest our enemies should say, *damnat quod non intelligit*.

Of *The Turkish Lovers* we have nothing to remark but that it is a composition of absurdity and pink muslin. The noble captain, who forsakes the martial laurel for the more peaceful triumphs of the stage, is understood to have paid all expenses necessary for bringing it out—a very munificent proceeding on his part, but sufficiently indicative of the real value of the piece.

Let us pass on to Mr. Sands, the great dramatic feature of the week. He walks across the ceiling like a blow-fly—*Musca carnaria*, order *Diptera*. Moreover, he does the trick by means of the same description of machinery. We all know the sucker, and have when at school raised stones of weight by means of a string and a piece of wet leather. Later on we came to know that whenever you can exhaust the air from any hollow body, you get a pressure upon the surface of that body equal to fifteen pounds per square inch. With these premises, let us suppose Mr. Sands to weigh a hundred and fifty pounds, and we come to the result that pattens, so constructed that the air may be exhausted from underneath them, suckers, and presenting a surface of something more than ten square inches to the pressure of the air, will, if properly fastened on, be sufficient to support Mr. Sands's body in any position whatsoever. However, to guard against the possibility of an accident, a strong net is fixed underneath, into which he must fall if the pattens or the atmosphere fail in their respective duties. This rather takes away the flavour of the affair; for, as the performance is neither graceful, amusing, nor instructive

(although the bills inform us that the experiment is "a complete refutation to the laws of gravitation"), the public will scarcely care to see it when they find that it is not even dangerous. When a fellow expected a rich largesse from Philip of Macedon, in consideration of the dexterity with which he wielded a pea-shooter, that wily old monarch presented him with a bag of peas. We wonder what would have been his present to Mr. Sands!

Now for something and somebody about whose grace and powers of amusement there can be no reasonable doubt—Mlle. Luther. A crafty Frenchman has suggested somewhere that we should never praise a pretty woman for her beauty, or a clever woman for her wit; but that we should address our flatteries to those qualities which the lady does not possess. If we follow that advice we can say nothing about Mlle. Luther; for pretty she is, clever she is. Imagine a beautiful little flaxen-haired head, the most bewitching and liveliest of faces (a perfect *tête d'ange*, as the French say), a graceful figure, silver-toned voice, and the most artful artlessness of manner, and the devotedest Romanist must believe in Luther for the nonce. There have been a quantity of charming little absurdities put forward since her arrival, for the illustration of that saucy coquetry, diluted with simplicity, which appears to be the distinguishing feature of her style. *Les Incertitudes de Rosette*. Three lovers all at once for Rosette. Rosette likes them all alike. Improbability number one! Stupid old manservant proposes that the three lovers shall draw lots for her. Improbability number two. Two of them accept the proposition, and the third refuses. Rosette is touched with his delicacy, and refuses the dashing young hunter and the rich young squire in favour of the most sentimental humbug of a lover that ever wrote sonnets to an eyebrow; and that is the only probability in the piece. *Qui se dispute s'adore* is a much more attractive piece, and all the better because it has only three parts, and these parts are filled by Ravel, Mlle. Luther, and Mlle. Lambert. Ravel and Mlle. Luther are husband and wife, loving each other dearly, and therefore constantly quarrelling; they agree to refer their differences to the decision of Mlle. Lambert, and she suggests a separation; this opens their eyes; a delicate confession by the lady brings matters to a crisis; and they presently learn the truth of the old Eton Grammar example, "*Ananiam ire*," &c. which we should never have dared to refer to if it had not been used for garnish by the dramatic critic of the day. On Monday last the elegant and polished Lafont added his valuable artistic qualifications to the talents already congregated at the St. James's. Since then we have had *Une petite Fille de la Grande Armée*, and several other pleasant little pieces. *Livre III. Chapitre Ier* has been produced and repeated; but as such of our readers who may be interested in these matters are already acquainted with it through the medium of *A Novel Expedient*, produced last year at the Haymarket, we shall forbear to recapitulate the plot. Suffice it to observe that the piece gains much by being seen in the original, and that Mlle. Luther's rendering of all those delicate nuances of action which are expressive of concealed dislike and pretended love is absolutely perfect, while her youthful beauty renders her *la belle ideale* of the captivating jealous little wife.

Yesterday afternoon the announcement that the stock of Her Majesty's Theatre was to be disposed of by auction upon the premises drew a curious, but unpurchasing crowd, in spite of the drenching rain. The upset bid of 12,000*l* for the entire met with no response; and nothing remains but that the property should be sold in lots on Thursday next. The sight presented by the interior of the theatre was curious enough: the *habitués* called it mournful, and seemed to dwell over the heaps of fusty old clothes and the remains of pasteboard banquets, as though they were visiting for the last time the scene of their keenest pleasures. The great concert-room was filled with the most heterogeneous mass, composed of those most heterogeneous of all things called theatrical properties. Here lay the skates upon which the merry peasants of Norway have skinned over the stage in the ballet of the *Patineurs*; here were relics of *Semiramide*; here the Count's bed in *Sonnambula*; here a ghost of the *Lost Pleiad*. In one corner a young gentleman was trying the quality of THE WIND; in another THE RAIN was being exhibited to the admiration of beholders. In the practising-room, upon whose sloping floor the sylphs of the ballet were wont to perfect themselves in their mysteries, lay heaps of old clothes which would not have disgraced Rag Fair. Upstairs, in the gentlemen's wardrobe, were some clothes of superior sort: one dress we saw that had been graced by Madame Sontag in *Il Barbiere*. The mezzanine floor was peopled; the flies were peopled. Young gents, for the first time, were diving into the mysteries of traps, scrutator-work, traverses, slots, and flaps. Her Majesty's box was invaded. The spirit of curiosity, of bargain-hunting, and of old-clothesism was abroad, and had entered in to take possession of a temple which Shakspeare has opposed, Gay laughed at in vain, but which rivalry and jealousy have served to bring into this pass.

DICTIONARY AND DIRECTORY OF LIVING AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

[Authors and Artists will be supplied with Printed Forms for giving to us the necessary information, on application by letter to the Publisher. An Alphabetical Index of Names, at the close of each volume, will supply the means of ready reference.]

BARLOW (EDWARD WILLIAM). Author, Cleveland Villa, Bath, Clergyman. Born at Bath, 1811. Son of the late E. Barlow, M.D. Edinb. and Mary Ann (Brabazon, alias Tukey) his wife. Obtained silver medal at the first boarding school in 1821; was altogether at five different schools; attended classes of English language and literature, at the London University; and lectures, in connection with it, about 1829; matriculated at Ex. Coll. Oxford, 1830; B.A. 1834; M.A. 1836; ordained Deacon at the Chapel Royal, by the Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, title Rochford, Essex, 1837; ordained Priest, at St. Paul's, London, by the same Bishop, 1838. Has published

Letters to the Bath Herald; Bath and Cheltenham Gazette; the Times; the Surplice; the Oxford Herald; the Bath Chronicle.

A Brief Manual on Writing Latin. Bath: C. Hunt, 1834.

A Pamphlet on Church Music. Bath: Lansdown, 1839.

A Treatise on the State of the Soul with reference to the Dead to this Mortal Life; interspersed with some useful reflections. London: W. E. Painter, 1843.

Notes relative to the Church of England, Romanism, and some of the varieties of Dissent. Birmingham: T. Ragg, 1846.

Short portions relative to Servants. Birmingham: T. Ragg, 1846.

Church Matters. London: Burns. Bath: Pocock.

Some Statements of the Compilers of the Liturgy, from a work by a clergyman in 1722. London: Burns. Bath: Pocock.

The Apocrypha; Use and Abuse. Bath: Hayward, 1850. Twenty-five useful Remarks for the benefit of young Clergymen. London: Hamilton and Co.

Index, and additional ditto, to the Rubric. Bath: Holloway, 1850.

Brief Appendix, relative to the Compilers of the Liturgy, from Downes and Watkins. Bath: Holloway, 1850.

A few Testimonies relative to Lay Baptism. Bath: Holloway, 1850.

A volume of Sermons on useful subjects. London: Burns. Bath: Pocock.

Church Antiquity. Bath: Holloway.

St. Augustine's Reception—Testimony. Bath: Holloway, 1851.

A Clerical Manual. Two parts. Bath: Wood Brothers, 1852.

Brief Considerations for the House of Mourning. Birmingham: T. Ragg, 1846.

The Mourner Met. Bath: Wood, Brothers, 1852.

Debt, a consideration for Young and Old, &c. Banns and Goodwin.

On the Registry of the Church of England. Bath: Holloway.

Papers, and sets of Papers, of historical and other interest, including addresses to, and questions for, hiring servants.

A Compilation on Dilapidations. Bath: Carrington, 1853.

A Sermon on the late Earthquake. Bath: Carrington, 1853.

The following have been contributed to, and many, and various, letters, or articles, to three of them. *The Village Churchman*, 1841 to 1843 inclusive; the *Churchman*; the *Churchman and Village Churchman*, 1844-5; the *Church Magazine*; the *Churchman's Sunday Companion*; *Tract Magazine*; the *British Magazine*.

CLARK (CHARLES). Author, Great Totham Hall, near Witham, Essex. Born October 26, 1806, at Heybridge, a small village near Maldon, Essex. Educated, for the most part, at Witham-place School, Essex. Has long been distinguished as one of the most indefatigable collectors of old English literature in the kingdom, particularly of old poetry and works of a whimsical nature. He has also many rare and singularly curious old manuscripts. A copy of his whimsical book-plate appears in *Notes and Queries* of July 10, 1852. It is in verse, and the production of his own sprightly muse. For upwards of twenty years has industriously practised as an *amateur printer*, at his own residence, and is thus honourably noticed by Mr. Timperley, in his *Typography*, (London: 1836) p. 51:—"The reprints, &c. of Mr. Clark are very well executed, and do great credit to his typographical skill." In 1831, in conjunction with his neighbour, G. W. Johnson, Esq., the well-known and highly-esteemed authority on horticultural subjects, he brought out a *History, Antiquarian and Statistical, of the parish of Great Totham, Essex*, 8vo. pp. 72. This was one of his earliest attempts as a printer. At different periods since then he has reprinted, entirely with his own hands, for private distribution among his literary friends, several very curious and interesting Essex local tracts and poems. A catalogue of the whole of his extensive literary collections will shortly make its appearance from his own press. Mr. Clark is unmarried.

Author of

Tiptree Races, a comic poem, 12mo. London: Longman and Co. 1833.

Epsom: a poem, comic, punning, and *raucy*! By Thomas Howd, Esq., the younger. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1836.

A Doctor's "Do"-ings; or, the Entrapped Heiress: a satirical poem. By Quintin Queerfellow. 12mo. London: Russell Smith, 1839.

John Noakes and Mary Styles; or, an "Essex Calf's" Visit: a poem, exhibiting some of the most striking Localisms peculiar to Essex, with a Glossary. 8vo. London: Russell Smith, 1840.

Mirth and Mocking on Sinner-Stocking; or, Pickings and Pleasanties for Pothering and Pauperising Populaters! By Malthus Merryfellow. 8vo. London: Eastwood, 1852.

Mirth and Metre; or, Rhymes, "Raps," and Rhapsodies. 8vo. London: Smith, 1853.

Has also written upwards of fifty fugitive poems, songs, parodies, &c. &c. and contributed to several of the leading periodicals, including the *Literary Gazette*, *Sportman*, *Family Herald*, &c. and most of the local newspapers.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

[The publisher of THE CRITIC is desirous of purchasing for some subscribers the following work. Any person having it to dispose of to send price and particulars to Mr. Crookford.]

Vol. II. of Mitchell's Translation of Aristophanes.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGE.
ORTON-BRABAZON.—On the 13th inst. at Carrigrohan Church, J. Orton, Esq., of "The Hermitage," St. Margaret's Bay, Kent (Author of the *Enthusiasm, Excelsior*, &c.), to Julia, eldest daughter of Major Colthurst Brabazon, of Leamont, county of Cork.

DEATHS.
ADAMS.—In New York, Professor C. B. Adams, of Amherst College, Massachusetts. Professor Adams was chiefly a conchologist. He published descriptions of the new species in occasional brochures, entitled *Contributions to Conchology*; and he was preparing to publish a large illustrated work on the land shells of Jamaica, towards which the Smithsonian Institution had undertaken to print the letterpress.

BRUNET.—In Paris, M. Brunet, a once celebrated actor of the Keeley class, has just died at a very advanced age.

JERRARD.—On the 26th ult., at Clifton, aged 51, of apoplexy, Joseph Henry Jerrard, Esq., D.C.L., member of the Senate of the London University, and formerly Fellow and Tutor of Calus College, Cambridge.

PETER.—On the 7th inst. at Philadelphia, Mr. William Peter, a scholar and man of letters formerly a member of the British Parliament and for the last twelve years British Consul in Philadelphia. Mr. Peter was descended from an ancient and honorable family in Cornwall, and was born in 1789. Mr. Peter was a thoroughly educated man of letters, and besides numerous writings on contemporary politics, published in England a Memoir of his friend, Sir Samuel Romilly.

SPORLE.—Last week Mr. Frederick Sporle, author of various works of minor importance.

SPORLE.—Last week Mr. T. N. Sporle, ballad composer.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Anderson's (Hans C.) *Poet's Day Dreams*, 8vo. 6s. 6d.
 Anna Lee, 12mo. 1s. 6d. bds.
 Archibald's *New Rules of Practice in Courts of Law*, 8vo. 12mo. 4s.
 Arthur Clifton, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.
 Autographs for Freedom, illus. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
 Birt's (W. R.) *Handbook of the Law of Storms*, 8vo. 3s. cl.
 Bohn's Antiq. Lib. "De Horodens Annals," trans. V. L. 12mo. 5s.
 Bohn's Class. Lib. "Cicero's Academic Questions," &c. trans. 5s.
 Bohn's Stan. Lib. "Neander's Church Hist. Vol. VIII." 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Broken Echo, a Poem, 6s. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Burke's Landed Gentry, 1853, 3 vols. royal 8vo. 4s. 6d. each.
 Butler's Junior Arithmetical and Modern Arithmetical, 12mo. 4s. cl.
 Clarke's (B.) *British Gazetteer*, 3 vols. royal 8vo. 4s. cl.
 Colony (The), a Poem, 8vo. 2s. cl.
 Corrigan's (Dr.) *Lectures on the Nature of Fever*, post 8vo. 4s. 6d.
 Coulson (W.) *On Litigiosity and Litigation*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
 Cruikshank (G.) *The Glass and the Crystal Palace*, royal 8vo. 1s.
 Cruise of the Challenger Life-Boat, 8vo. 1s. 6d.
 D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, vol. III. 8vo. 12s. cl.
 Demosthenes' Select Private Orations, Notes by Fenwick, 12mo. 4s.
 Descartes' Meditations on the First Philosophy, trans. 12mo. 4s. cl.
 Englishman's Domestic Magazine, vol. I. post 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Euripides Ion, by C. Badham, 8vo. 6s. cl.
 Grey's Colonial Policy of Lord J. Russell's Administration, 28s. cl.
 Hall's Proof of Divinity of Jesus Christ, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
 Hamilton's Modern Instructions in Bluffing, folio, 5s. 6d.
 Harrow (The) Calendar, 12mo. 4s. cl.
 Harry Muir, by Author of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland," 31s. 6d. bds.
 Hengstenberg (E. W.) *On the Lord's Day*, trans. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Hire and its Wonders, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl. 6s. 6d. cl.
 Holiday, and other Poems, 8vo. 4s. cl.
 Hoses (H. J.) *Elements of Euclid*, 12mo. 4s. cl.
 Hoses's (A.) Letter on a Steam Navy, 8vo. 1s. 6d.
 Household Words, vol. I. royal 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.
 Hughes's School Atlas of Physical Geography, 8vo. 10s. 6d. half-bd.
 Thine's Researches into History of Roman Constitution, 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Jackson's (W.) *Australian Captivity*, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.
 Jackson's Sermons Preached in Village Churches, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Kendall's Designs for Schools and School Houses, folio, 42s. cl.
 Layard's Second Expedition to Nineveh, illus. 21s. cl.
 Lendall (The), by a Best-ester, 12mo. 6s. cl.
 Life by the Fireside, by the Author of "Selling my Relations," 6s. cl.
 Lendall's (J.) *Outline of Descriptive of Modern Geography*, 2s. 6d. cl.
 McIntosh's Book of the Garden, Vol. I. illus. med. 8vo. 21s. cl.
 McLeod's (W.) *Atlas of Scripture Geography*, 8vo. 7s. half-bd.
 Marie Louise, by Emile Carlen, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Marland's (G.) *Musings of a Spirit*, 8vo. 4s. cl.
 Martin's (W. C. L.) *History of Humming Birds*, 12mo. 5s. cl.
 Maurice Gray and other Stories, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Mining Guide, 12mo. 2s. 6d. med.
 Moore's (J. S.) *Miscellaneous Translations*, 8vo. 5s. cl.
 Moore's History of Language, &c. of Ancient Greece, Vol. IV. 8vo. 15s.
 National Illustrated Library, "Pope's Homer's Odyssey," 2s. 6d. cl.
 Nelly Armstrong, by Author of "Rose Douglas," 2 vols. 21s. bds.
 Oxford University Calendar, 1853, 12mo. 6s. cl.
 Papers for the Schoolmaster, Vol. II. 1853, 12mo. 3s. cl.; Vol. I. 2s. 6d.
 Partisan Sights and French Principles, illus. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Pocket Library, "Annette, by C. Rabon," 12mo. 1s. cl.
 Practical Mechanic's Journal, Vol. V. 4to. 14s. cl.
 Queechey, by Webster, new ed., 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. cl.
 Readable Books, "Herbert's Cavaliers of England," 12mo. 1s. bds.
 Richardson's Mission to Central Africa in 1800-51, 2 vols. 21s. cl.
 Buff's (W.) *Guide to the Turf*, Spring ed., 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl. 6d. cl.
 St. John's (H.) *Indian Archaeology*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.
 Shaw's Handbook of Medieval Alphabets, imp. 8vo. 16s. cl.
 Sinclair's Lady Mary Pierrepont, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
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